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I CAN NOT SING.

BY WILLIE WAIF.

I cannot sing a lively song,
To charm the sad and weary hour,
For in the silent midnight long
I am alone, all, all alone—
Sad and sick and comfortless I lay,
While all my kindred watch the cows,
So one to whisper to my ear
A word in affection's tone.

You see among the giddy throng
That bow before my shrine,
But to fill beneath a faithful heart,
Filled with love divine,
For I am alone, alone—
Upon life's stormy sea;
Ah! is there not in all the world
One heart that beats for me?

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MAUD.

BY PAUL PIVINWOOD.

PART SECOND.

Dum spiro spero. [*While I breathe I hope.*]

New York, September 20, 18—.

How often, when we deem prosperity is within our reach, and step forth to embrace it that it flys from us, and adversity comes cold and gloomy to hover over the heart, and revel amid the faded hopes which lie crushed and bleeding there. Great God! what have I not suffered these last twelve months—yet I will not complain, it is well that we are sometimes checked in life's career—for the ambition of the soul grows bold, when fed on the dainties of *success*, and only finds its level when the horrors of misfortune in their ghostly robes come to meet us.

When I left my summer retreat a year ago—Willow Valley—life looked bright and clear—no cloud was on my horizon, and I said to my heart, "now for a leap in fortune! which shall send me *far* ahead—I have tarried by the wayside too long." I entered upon my duties with a determined heart, I sought to do what I had to do well and carefully. I aimed my mark high, but it failed me, and the great world looks to me like one everlasting night of gloom. But why should I murmur? How many have fared *far* worse than myself. How many have seen their dearest hopes torn from them without being able to extend a hand to save some little atom that would comfort them in their fall. The sunshine and gladness of their hearts, like my own, has fled. Awfully sudden and crushing came the change, great clouds have for months gathered on the hearthstone of many a noble soul, making all within and without heavy and damp. Shortly after my return came the cry, from all parts of our *glorious Union*, of *poverty* and *want!* the great houses of business tottered and fell.

"Hard times!" was on every lip, and the man of fortune of yesterday became the beggar of to day. Of course the paper on which I am connected has felt it—its large circulation has diminished one half, many of its former corps of noble-hearted men, who were employed on it, have been dismissed. I am one of a very few who have been retained. My duties have been increased, my wages necessarily made smaller. I have worked almost against hope, worked for bread to sustain my body. I ceased to keep up my acquaintance with Maud, I have thought of her parting words—but my troubles have made me a coward, and that which I would have done when the sky was bright, I shrink from now with dread! There is an old proverb which is, "it is darkest before the day dawns!" God grant that the night of misfortune may soon be over and the day shall speedily break clear and radiant! So that the fallen *souls* in this battle for *bread* and life may once more lift up their drooping heads, and chant "Glory to God! for prosperity again is ours!"

OFFICE OF THE "NEWS," October 1st, 18—.

I entered the office this morning, feeling as dull as ever. The times have improved wonderfully, yet here all is the same. Poor Jones, the assistant editor, has left us worn out completely. I am thankful he has another field of labor that may in time build up his health and afford him a peaceful home. In looking over the circulation of the paper, I find it has increased greatly. But my work is the same, Mr. Haller, the editor and owner, makes no change—I cannot stand it much longer, it is killing me by inches. I was started from my revery by the appearance of Mr. Haller, his genial good morning, Horace, quite electrified me.

"Well I hope?" said he. "Thank you, sir, I feel about as usual considering the times!"

"Poor Jones has left us," said he, "which will make work a little harder, I hope to have matters in a better trim soon!" My heart breathed a *wish* to these last words.

"I have prepared an article, for to-morrow's issue, of importance; I shall hand in to-night. If it's not asking too much, Horace, please write *one* on the improvement of the Times, it will tell well as things are now really looking brighter!"

I was surprised at this request, also at the knowing look he gave me, something very unusual for Mr. H. I replied, "I will do so, sir, and will do *all I can* to make Jones' place good."

"Well, that's right!" said he, turning to leave me—"Horace, I wish to see you at my house at 4 P. M., don't disappoint me, it is important I should see you, come prepared to meet a few friends at dinner, good day!" in another second I was alone.

The hours flew rapidly away, and three o'clock came before I knew it—I hurried to my room to make a change in my dress suitable to appear at a dinner party. It has been long months since I have *hurried* in this way for anything but *business* and *death!*

Four P. M. found me at Mr. Haller's door, I was received by a servant, and immediately shone to his study where I found Mr. H. waiting.

"Ah, my dear Horace, I am glad you are so prompt, as I have considerable talking to do before my guests arrive, and only a few minutes to do it in! Be seated, pray."

"Certainly!" said I, and did so. Mr. H., at the same time, taking a turn across the room. He seemed to be somewhat roused up with ideas.

"Horace," said he, "I have requested this private interview for what I hope will terminate for our benefit"—and then he coughed and blew his nose. Mr. Haller was a commonplace man in dress, somewhat negligent as to appearance. It may be he prided himself on his eccentricities, his figure was slim and spare, not remarkably tall—he had deep gray eyes, large and full, sitting far back in his head covered with heavy gray eyebrows, his long beard fell on his breast rich and heavy, his forehead high, and hair thin.

"You have,"—he continued—"a great deal of patience, my boy, I have tried it thoroughly this last year—perhaps, too much; but if I have done so, believe me, I have felt for you—you have worked earnestly! never complaining. If I have repaid you with a cold or curt look, instead of the pat on the head you deserved, but have hitherto enjoyed. We entered our box at the close of the first act, but have hitherto enjoyed. We entered our box at the close of the first act, but have hitherto enjoyed. I know you will forgive me, for I gave myself up to my feelings, and have no blush to hide. There I gave myself up to my feelings, and have no blush to hide. I have watched you with deep interest, thought of you, but as usual I've understood and when twelve months since I was cheated of my editorial place, I mourn was breaking clear. I felt to cut down my editorial salary, I felt if any one had a claim to remain you—On leaving the opera, I went directly home, glad! I feared you would sink under the the office and for the first time in my duties you had to perform. I felt obliged life I took the editorial chair. How I to lower your salary, and I have expected felt, as I sat there, no one but myself can to hear you say, 'I must leave, I cannot feel, of gratitude to God. To mingle work thus, if the times are hard!' But, with all mankind, the *good world* me, you have worked bravely. Thank it seemed to me I could take to my heart God! the times are better! Now, Horace, and *press it with fervent love!* I turned I have been making some new arrangements, I have made them quickly, for I thought a little *surprise* would gratify you more than if I had let you into my secret,—which is this, I have engaged a fine set of reporters, for every department of the paper. I shall retain you as musical critic." Here my pulse beat rapidly, I felt if that was to be again my only duty, I should soon be well and happy! "I have engaged, also, a dramatic and an assistant musical critic—I have made up my mind to reward you with"—here I almost raised myself from the sofa—"Jones' place, will you take it? at a salary of ——." I rushed toward him with tears in my eyes. "Accept it! Certainly, I will! can I be dreaming? what!" as I took Mr. H. by the hand, "a salary of —— and a position I have never dared to hope for!"

"It is yours, I feel you will grace your new position *well!* your integrity is royal, and your education fits you for it," said he, as I stood trembling with excitement.

"Thank you!" I exclaimed—"I will strive to fill it to the best of my ability."

"One word more," said he, "before we go to meet my guests, who are the editorial (old and new) of the daily 'News,' I have a 'leader' ready to announce *this* and my other arrangements for to-morrow's issue. Here it is," taking it from the table, "please see to it." As he handed it to me, I saw not only the "leader," which was to announce my success to the world, but also a well filled purse—"Take it, Horace, you need it, and what is more you have earned it!"

We went to the parlor, there I found Mrs. H. a fine intellectual lady, and the new corps of writers. After dinner Mr. H. arose and remarked upon the *panic*, he then spoke of the improvement in all kinds of business, assuring us the success in the Future would be more satisfactory than it had been in the Past. He then touched on the wonderful increase of the "News."

"And now, gentlemen, many of you are waiting to hear who is to be the assistant editor. Gentlemen, permit me to introduce him to you, Mr. H. Wayland"—I rose and bowed—"he, gentlemen, is fitted for this high station of trust."

These remarks were received with cheers, again I rose and thanked them all for their kind wishes—I could say no more my soul seemed leaving me freighted with excessive pleasure. After a talk on future prospects concerning the "News," we departed. I found Mr. Morgan, a gentleman, whose musical abilities were of the highest order, genial in disposition—in a word, just such a companion as I would delight in. He was a man of fine literary taste, a year free from college and quite a handsome fortune at his command—his love for the *fine arts* were so strong that he was only happy when he was in a position to enjoy them. As we walked toward Broadway, we chatted of the fu-

New York, October 2, 18—.

I took my seat in the "chair" this morning with a light heart. The "*leader*" from Mr. Haller's pen, announcing the important changes, is ably written—thousands have read it before this—Maud will hear of it soon!

"Ah! Morgan! good morning," I said, as he made his appearance.

"How do you do, Mr. Wayland, today?" said he.

"Oh, I feel in excellent spirits, I assure you, never in my life felt more easy at heart!"

"Really, I am glad to hear you speak so!" said he, "for, Mr. Wayland, you made me happy by your opinion of my criticism of 'Norma' last evening."

"Well, my friend, what I said I meant—it was, certainly, a capital article, and well worthy of any musical pen—I feel greatly relieved to think I have such aid at hand. Are you busy this morning? if not, would you like to take a walk after I see Mr. Haller?"

"I have nothing special to do," said Fred, "and shall be most happy to walk with you, Mr. Wayland!"

"Pshaw! Fred," said I, "please call me Horace—I hate the Mr."

"Well, then," said he, "Horace!"

"Ah, that sounds natural—to tell the truth, Fred, I feel we are to become fast friends, your ways are so genial—you are just what I wish to know more of!"

"Thank you, Horace!" said he, "I shall try to prove I am worthy of the opinion expressed."

In a few moments, Mr. Haller came, and after a pleasant chat Fred and myself started for the publishing house of Frost, Smith & Co. Arriving there, I found Mr. Frost who attended to all the literary duties. He gave me a cordial welcome, for an hour we conversed. When we parted, it was agreed that my book should appear in time for the "Holidays." How happy I felt! the only thing to make life perfect was to hear from Maud—at the thought of her name my heart beat rapidly—I had heard from her but once since we parted, I felt all she had felt for me *then*, another might claim *now!*

"Well," said I to Fred, as we walked, "how do you like my publishers?"

"They are gentlemen, they must have a high respect for you—their conduct showed it."

"Let me detain you!" said I, stepping across the sidewalk.

After a warm shake of the hand we parted. I re-turned up Broadway and turned into Chestnut street—I was completely lost in thought, dreaming over the sudden changes of the last few hours. I had gone some distance when two ladies passed me, I had continued on a few steps when I heard my name: "Horace!"

"Horace Wayland!" I stopped and looked around, there stood the ladies, in another moment one, the youngest, came to meet me. Oh, can it be! yes! it was Maud! A year older, but lovely changed, her face, how beautiful! and her auburn tresses added to her increasing loveliness.

"Why, Horace Wayland!" she said, "can it be you!"

"Maud!" I exclaimed, as I extended my hand.

"Horace, I thought it was you—I did not know, but you were and you passed me so coldly, yet I could not believe your heart had grown so cold as to forget me altogether!"

"No! no! indeed, Maud! were you to know of all the trials that have visited me for the last year, you would not blame my silence. My heart is the same, but my mind has been loaded with care—to-day, for the first time in a year, the sunshine pours into my heart with such brilliancy that I am fearful at times I am dreaming."

"Why did you not answer my note, Horace?"

"Ah, Maud! if my prospects had been what I thought they were to be, I should have done so, but the 'Times' have made me fearful of myself, causing my courage to grow weak!"

"Do you forget what I said when we parted, Horace, whether your lot be weal or woe—I should be the same!"

"I know it, Maud, I have felt it all—but when the soul is weak, the mind dares not to act!"

"Then, you have not forgotten me?"

"I *have not*—I have lived on your *last* words during all the trials of this panic—they have kept me up when all else seem to fail—they have been like angel thoughts in my darkest hours—But how long have you been here? I was not aware you were in the city."

"I am living here now, Horace."

"Living here!" I exclaimed, "strange we have not met."

"I have only been here about a month, father moved here in September."

"Who is the lady with you?" said I.

"It is my friend, Ada Lowrance of Willow Valley."

"Indeed! I will not detain you from her." We went to meet her.

"How do you do, Miss Ada?" said I, raising my hat and extending hand—"I hope to find you well!"

"Pretty well, thank you—I am glad Maud has met you, she has been quite uneasy, and every day we have made a pilgrimage about the city in search of you."

"Really, I regret it! Had she informed me of her arrival, I should certainly have called." (See 8th page.)

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FORGET THEE.

Inscribed to Miss E.

BY FREDERIC ADOLPHUS.

"Forget thee?"—two little words—"Forget thee?"
How easy to speak! And yet how hard
To do their bidding!—"*Forget thee?*"—
Go! bid Napoleon, while languishing on
St. Helena's lonely isle,
Wearing the uniform of France,
Surrounded by his French attendants,
His books, his maps, his charts of war:
Go! bid *him forget* that on this earth
There ever was a spot called France,
Such battles as Lodi, Jena, Waterloo—
Go! bid the lone exile of Siberia's snows,
While sitting in his dismal hut,
His day's work done, the twilight approaching,
The hour he takes to muse of home:
Go! bid *him forget* his native Russia,
His father, his mother, his boyhood's home;
Forget the oak beneath whose shade
In childish sport he oft hath play'd,
Where, on a warm bright summer day,
When wearied with his usual play,
He takes his bread and bowl of milk
And sweetlier dines than if on silk
Or downy cushions trimmed with gold
He sat. Or like the Gods of old
Than if ambrosial sweets he ate,
While nectar stood beside his plate—
Go! bid the dusky red man forget
His native wilds, his tomahawk,
His bow and arrows, his nation's war-whoop:
Go! bid *him forget* the silent grove
Beneath whose shade he oft hath roved;
Forget the murmuring, gurgling brook
Of whose sweet waters he oft partook:
Forget the grand old sycamore
Where, oft when Luna showed her face
He shot his light canoe ashore,
To meet his love at the trysting place—
Go! bid the mad'rer forget the shriek
His victim gave, when in his breast
He plunged the cold, the naked steel;
Forget the look of those wild eyes
As from the wound he pluck'd the knife
The hot blood spirting in his face—
Go! bid the gentle turtle dove
Forget her mate, her early love—
Go! bid Vesuvius stop his bellowing,
Bid Etna cease her roaring flame,
Bid the sea to quit her rolling,
Go! bid the sun forget to rise,
The moon to shed her silvery light,
The stars to twinkle, the thunder to roar,
The lightning to flash, the dew to fall,
But *in pity*, bid me not *forget thee*.
"Forget thee?" Oh no! Grant this one boon,
Allow me this sad consolation
That I may sit in twilight gray
And sometimes think myself with thee,
Say to myself—"Twas *thus* she spoke,
And *thus* she looked. Twas *thus* she smiled
And sweetly blushed when in mine ear
She softly whispered—Yes! I love thee."
But now alas! the picture turns
And—"*Thus* her head upon her hand
She leans—in pity, thus her gentle breast
Did heave a sigh to think that she
Should speak those cruel, cruel words:
"Go! go! I now no longer love thee,
Go! Go! Ah yes! Go! Go! Forget me!"

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Being Sketches of American Heroes, Statesmen, Benefactors and Divines.

GENERAL SAMUEL HOUSTON.

This brave but somewhat eccentric man was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, on the 2d day of March, 1793. When he was very young, he lost his father, and he with his mother removed to the then outmost borders of civilization, and settled on the banks of the Tennessee River, where his education was almost entirely neglected, and he grew up a wild youth, associating with the young savages of his neighborhood. He became very much attached to the Indian mode of living, a liking which seems never to have deserted him. He tried his hand at book-keeping in a store in the neighborhood of his home, but not liking a trader's life, he commenced the duties of a pedagogue. At length, becoming disgusted with the ferule as he had previously with the pen, he enlisted in the army, in 1813, and served under the immediate eye of General Jackson to the close of the war, receiving an honorable discharge, with the commission of lieutenant, having distinguished himself for his bravery and good soldiership on several occasions.

On leaving the army he studied law, and soon entered into the political arena of his country, where he has figured until the present day. His congressional career commenced in 1823, when he became a member of the House of Representatives. He held his seat in that body until he was elected governor of the State of Tennessee, in 1827, holding that office for two years.

About this time Governor Houston, from some unaccountable motives, left the society of civilized life and took up his abode with his savage friends, with whom he spent several years; during which time, detecting the numerous deceptions practised upon the ignorant Indians by the agents of the United States, he took the matter in hand, determining to obtain redress for the wrongs inflicted on the red men. For this purpose he went to Washington, and labored diligently to forward the object of his mission. But his benevolent efforts were without success, and he became involved in several vexatious and expensive lawsuits. Baffled in his disinterested purposes, he returned again to the wilds of Arkansas and took up his abode with his Cherokee friends.

At this time the people of Texas were striving for their liberty, and during an accidental visit to that territory he was earnestly solicited to suffer his name to be used as a member of a convention about to be called to form a constitution for a new state, to be admitted to the Mexican republic. Having been unanimously elected, he became exceedingly influential in conducting the debates of the convention, and all the subsequent action growing out of it. Santa Anna, then President of the Mexican republic, not liking the free spirit of the constitution offered for his acceptance, refused to acknowledge it, and demanded that the Texans should deliver up all their arms, and acknowledge fealty to the Mexican republic. The result was an appeal to arms, which was followed by one of the most remarkable struggles on the record of war, in which the battle fields of Goliad and Alamo are everlasting and blood-red monuments of the gallantry and sufferings of the Texans, and the treachery and cruelty of the Mexicans.

At the opening of this war, General Austin held command of the Texan forces, which command soon devolved on General Houston, by whose indomitable courage and unsurpassed military sagacity the broken legions of Texas were recruited and kept together until victory dawned on their arms at San Jacinto, when the whole Mexican army, with the treacherous Santa Anna at its head, fell into the hands of the Texans. The results of this battle were several hundred slain among the Mexicans, while Houston's loss was only seven killed and thirty wounded.

Thus caught in the toils of his foes, Santa Anna was fain to grant their demands, and in May, 1836, he signed a treaty of peace, acknowledging the independence of Texas. The news of the ratification of the treaty diffused universal joy, and on the organization of the government in October of the same year, the grateful Texans unanimously elected General Houston to be its first president.

By the terms of the constitution, no man could be elected to that high office twice in succession; and at the close of his official term, General Houston was chosen a member of Congress. Again, in 1841, he was elected to the presidential chair. In 1841, Texas was received into the American Union, and he was immediately elected to a seat in the United States Senate, which seat he has occupied until recently elected Governor of Texas, which position he accepted and now occupies. He is a strong Union man, and is opposed to secession. His age is now the rise of sixty, and his name has several times been used in connection with the presidency.

Is the Human Stature Diminishing?

The Scottish Guardian says: "It is a very common opinion, that in the early ages of the world, men in general possessed superior physical properties and were of a greater size than they are at present, and this notion of diminished stature and strength seems to have been just as prevalent in ancient times as at the present.—Pliny observes of the human height, that 'the whole race of mankind is daily becoming smaller,' an alarming prospect if it had been true. Homer more than once makes a very disparaging comparison between his own degenerated contemporaries and the heroes of the Trojan war. But all the facts of the circumstances which can be brought forward on this subject, tend to convince us that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as in the beginning of the world. In the first place, though we read both in sacred and profane history of giants, yet they were at the time when they lived esteemed as wonders, and far above the ordinary proportions of mankind. All the remains of the human body (as bones and particularly the teeth) which have been found unchanged in the most ancient urns and burial places, demonstrate this point clearly. The oldest coffin is in the great pyramid of Egypt; and Mr. Greaves observes that this sarcophagus hardly exceeds the size of our ordinary coffins, being scarcely six feet and a half long. From looking also at the height of mummies which have been brought to this country, we must conclude that those who inhabited Egypt two or three thousand years ago were not superior in size to the present inhabitants of that country. Lastly, all the facts which we can collect from ancient works of art, from armor, as helmets and breastplates, or from buildings designed for the abode and accommodation of men, concur in strengthening the proofs against any decay in nature. That man is not degenerated in stature in consequence of the effects of civilization is clear, because the inhabitants of savage countries, as the natives of America, Africa, Australia or the South Sea Islands do not exceed us in size.'

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A FRAGMENT.

BY FRANK DOANE

The day is gone, and twilight's flush
Above is ling'ring, like a blush,
Upon the blue of Heaven's concave:
Its soft reflection on the wave
Of bright Chowan in quiet resting,
No noise its silence e'er molesting,
Except the water's liquid songs,
Whose wavy cadence now prolongs
A chorus to the night-wind's dirge,
Alternate notes with every surge.
The moon is rising from her bed,
And throwing off her cover-lid
Of fleecy clouds, a royal shroud
For maid so fair and queen so proud.
Bathing her face in nectar'd dew,
Her azure pathway to pursue,
She lifts herself on silver wings
And o'er her form the night-mist flings;
And, queen-like, summons, far and wide,
Her starry maidens to her side;
There, listening, hear but to obey,
And smiling join the bright array,
Which onward now, unaw'd by fears,
Moves to the "music of the spheres."

* * * * * *

Yet, gazing on such beauties now,
My heart is sad, I know not how—
For surely such an hour as this
Should be allied with naught but bliss.
But, yet, I'm sad—ah! no, I hear
Echoing foot-steps coming near—
'Tis Edward comes!—ah, yes, 'tis he!
No sadness now, but ECSTACY!

The Panic.

There is an old eastern story which quite forcibly illustrates the present financial embarrassment. A traveller was journeying from the city of Damascus and met the Plague just entering the city as he was departing. He accosted him thus: "Whither are you going, Plague?" —"To Damascus, to kill seven thousand people," was the reply. The traveller passed on and the Plague entered the city. Seventy thousand people fell victims to this scourge and died. The traveller returning to Damascus heard of the ravages which the Plague had made there, and as he was about entering the city he met the Plague coming out. "You told me," said the traveller, "that you was only going to kill seven thousand of the people of Damascus, and yet I understand that you have killed seventy thousand. Why is this?" "It is true that I informed you my mission was to kill seven thousand, and that is all I have killed. *Fear* killed the rest."

So with our banks, brokers, and moneyed men. Some of them may have found it necessary to cease discounting, or to suspend specie payments, but fear compels the most of them to stop doing business.

FLOWERS are true clients of the sun; how observant they are of his motion and influence. At even they shut up, as if mourning for his departure, without whom they neither can nor would flourish. In the morning they welcome his rising with a cheerful openness; and at noon are fully displayed, in a free acknowledgment of his bounty. Thus is a good heart towards God. When thou hidest thy face, I am troubled, saith the man after God's own heart; in thy presence is life and fulness of joy. Thus the carnal heart feels towards the world: when that withdraws its favour, he is dejected; and revives with its smiles. All is in our choice. Whatsoever is our sun we shall be drawn after it. Oh God, be thou to me such thou art in thyself. Thou shalt be merciful in drawing me: I shall be happy in following thee.

If the people were temperate in all respects, physicians would have but little to do. Do you ask how you shall improve? Stop drinking strong tea and coffee—forbid your servants making desserts—take your castor down street, exchange it for a coal grate, and then sell your stove for old iron—wash yourself daily in cold water—sleep on a straw bed in an airy bed-room, retire before ten and rise before six. Go and settle up your tobacco bill, and take a receipt to last forever. Now laugh instead of growling, and you may safely inform the doctor that after this he needn't hitch his horse at your post.

The more we are subjects, the more we shall reign as kings; and the faster we run, the easier is our burden; and Christ's yoke is like feathers of a bird, not loads, but helps to motion; without them the body falls.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A COMPENDIUM OF LAW.

NUMBER XXVI.

Presumptions:—The last essay, being upon the question of *Title*, it seems appropriate to set forth in this, the time within which one must assert and sue for *anything*, to which he desires to establish *title*: and therefore the regular system adopted for these essays, will here be somewhat departed from, for the convenience and practicability of discussing "Limitations and Presumptions." No person or his heirs, who shall have any right or title to any lands, tenements or hereditaments, shall thereunto enter or make claim, but within seven years next after his right or title descended or accrued, and in default thereof shall be utterly excluded and disabled from any entry or claim thereafter to be made. *Provided:* that if any person entitled to any right or claim of the *same*, shall be, at the time, the said right or title first descended, accrued, come or fallen, within the age of twenty-one years, a married woman of unsound mind, imprisoned, or beyond seas, then such person may, notwithstanding the said seven years be expired, commence his suit, or make his entry within *three* years next after full age, discoverture, coming of sound mind, or enlargement out of prison; or persons beyond seas within *eight* years after the title or claim becomes due, and at no time after the times or limitations herein specified; but that all possessions held, without suing such claim as aforesaid, shall be a perpetual bar against all manners of persons whatever. *Provided* also, that if in any such action, judgment be given for the plaintiff and the same be revised for error, or a verdict pass for the plaintiff and judgment thereon be arrested, then, in any such case, the plaintiff may commence a new action from time to time within *one* year after judgment revised or stayed as aforesaid, notwithstanding the time limited herein for bringing such action, may have expired, if the action first brought was commenced in the time above prescribed for bringing such action. [Rev. Code, ch. 65. sec. 1.] This is the Act of 1715, amended. Many decisions have been made by our Supreme Court, explanatory of this act, and in the discussion of them, the first question that presents itself is, "What is possession?" In the case of Andrews *vs.* Mulford, 1. Hay. 311, the court say that a person, relying upon a possession under the Statute, "must take possession with such circumstances as are capable in their nature of notifying mankind, that he is upon the land claiming it as his own—as in person or by his tenant; and a claimant does not acquire possession by putting his cattle upon the land to range upon it." If a man settle upon the land by himself or tenants, and continues that possession, builds a house, or clears the land and cultivates it, his claim then becomes notorious, and gives fair notice to the adverse claimant to look to his title. As to this point, see also 2. Hay. 56. Definition of a possession which is calculated to give title. "A possession, under color of title, taken by a man himself, his servants, slaves or tenants, and by him or them continued for seven years together." In Green *vs.* Harman, 4. Dev. 158, it was held that the overflowing of land, by stopping a stream below, was not a possession which would perfect a defective paper title, nor would the cutting of timber trees upon the land have that effect. It is safest to require an actual possession such as residence or cultivation; something to make it the party's close, which is in conformity to the ancient rule of the common law, and also to the application of it to our situation, as early made in this state in the cases of Andrews *vs.* Mulford, and Grant *vs.* Winborne. The court go on to intimate that the making of turpentine, would be a sufficient possession, as being an operation partaking of the nature of cultivation. This intimation was carried out into a direct decision in the case of Bynum *vs.* Carter, 4. Ire. 310. The principle established by these adjudications and some others—(see Burton *vs.* Carruth, 1. D. & B. 2; and Gilchrist *vs.* McLaughlin, 7. Ire. 310,) is still further strengthened by the following cases, which are, *from necessity*, exceptions to it. In Simpson *vs.* Blount, 3. Dev. 34 and Tredwell *vs.* Reddick, 1. Ire. 56, it was decided that cutting timber and making shingles in a swamp unfit for cultivation, continuously for some years, is a good possession under the statute. It is exercising that dominion over the thing and taking that use and profit, which it is capable of yielding *in its present state*. It is all that can be done, until the subject shall be changed.

The constructive possession of land, arising from title, cannot be extended to that part of it, whereof there is an actual, adverse possession, whether with or without a paper title. In Williams *vs.* Buchanan 1. Ire. 535, it was held, that, as to a stream not navigable, keeping up fish traps therein, erecting and repairing dams across it, and using it every year, during the entire fishing season, to catch fish, constitute an unequivocal possession thereof. Possession of land is denoted by the exercise of acts of dominion over it, in making the ordinary uses and taking the ordinary profits of which it is susceptible in its present state, such acts to be so repeated as to shew that they are done in the character of owners, and not of an occasional trespasser. The above decisions are all cited, and doctrines approved, in the case of Loftin *vs.* Cobb. [1. Jones. 406.] The acts of going yearly, for a few weeks at a time, to get rails and other timber off of land, though only valuable for timbers, do not amount to such an exercise of ownership as will ripen a defective title, or give an action of T. Q. C. F. [4. J. 295, see also 4. J. 451.]

The actual possession under color of title, for *seven* years, though of a very small portion of the land, and that, in the midst of woods, will confer the title on the possessor, to the whole tract covered by his grant, there being no actual possession of any other part by another person, [10. Ire. 237.] Where one enters under a conveyance of some colorable title for a particular parcel of land, the rule is, that possession of part is *prima facie*, possession of the whole, not actually occupied by another, as the documentary title defines the claim and possession. But it is otherwise, when one enters without any color of title, for there is nothing by which the possession can be constructively extended beyond his occupation, [13. Ire. 269.] An entry under a deed into a part of a tract of land, shall, as against a mere wrong doer, be considered an entry into the whole—it not appearing that any one else has possession of any part, [12. Ire. 373.] If one enters into land under a deed or will, the entry is into the whole tract described in the conveyance *prima facie*, and is so in reality, unless some other person has possession of a part, either actually or by virtue of the title. But when one enters on land without any conveyance, or other thing to show what he claims, his possession cannot, by any presumption, or implication, be extended beyond his occupation *de facto*. [3. Ire. 578.] In questions of boundary, the distance, called for in a certain line in the deed, must govern, unless the party can shew that a corner was made beyond such distance. The possession by the owner of a part of a tract of land is the possession of the actual tract, only so long as no other person is in the actual adverse possession of any part. As soon as another takes possession of any part, either with or without title, the former possessor loses the possession of that part, and cannot maintain *Trespass* for any act done on such part, while he is thus out of possession of it, [4. D. & B. 164.] The seven years' possession mentioned in the Act, must be *adverse*, so that the next question which naturally arises is, "What is an *adverse* possession?" The *true test* of what constitutes adverse possession and the rule of law is, where one holds possession and *exposes himself to an action*, for *twenty* years *without* color of title, or for *seven* years *with* color of title, as between individuals, and supposing the land to have been granted, so as to oust the State, he thereby acquires a good title, and it is held in Langdon *vs.* Mckinnie, (2. Murph. 67,) that the *fact* that the color of title is derived from the person under whom the opposing party claims, does not take the case out of the operation of the rule, [5. Jones 437.] Where A. conveyed land to B. and subsequently remained in the actual, adverse possession for more than seven years; held that A. could not recover without showing some color of title acquired *after* the *conveyance* to B, and that his possession was under that colorable title. *Aliter* if he could have shown colorable title and adverse possession after his deed to B. [13. Ire. 84.]

G.

An honest heart (says Prentice) makes a *gentleman*; but honest modesty makes a *gentle manner*.

He that knows useful things and not he that knows many things is the wise man.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LIKE A DREAM.

BY MABEL LANSING.

Like a dream she came
Like a dream she did depart:
Yet she left—ah! she left,
A deep shadow on my heart.

And I sit in sadness,
In silence and alone,
There's no light on my hearth-stone,
And no joy within my home.

For the eye that was beaming
With such love and such light:
Is closed in the silence,
Of an eternal night.

They've laid her down t'slumber,
By th' deep and rolling wave,—
Where the winds will sigh for ever,
Above her lonely grave.

Like a dream she came,
With her heart of hope and love:
Like a dream she has departed,
To the other world above,

The world hath not one like her,
So pure, so fond and true,
And heav'n with all its glories
Can claim but very few,

Whose smile diffused such joy,
And who when they did depart,
Left such changeless sadness
Upon a faithful heart.

LITERARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Stray leaves in the book of memory.

BY ALICE THORNE.

Let me, kind readers, claim a few moments of your leisure hours. I would fain unfold to you one secret of my heart. I would open the book of memory, and read therefrom the lines on those tear blotted pages.

When I was a mere child, my parents betrothed me to Henry Bintru, a son of my father's dearest and best friend. Henry was sent to a distant land to be educated, while I was placed at a boarding school, there to remain 'till I reached my eighteenth year. I was an only child reared in luxury, my parents gratified my every wish. But alas, at the age of sixteen, my beloved parents left this world of care, for a higher, brighter place in heaven; and I was alone, rich, and called beautiful by the world.

Time passed on, until I graduated with high honors. I then left school, and not wishing a noisy city life, I went to the quiet sea-side of M———. I boarded at the house of poor but kind cottagers—they had no children save one son who was then distant on a seavoyage.

I was very happy then; every day I wandered by the seaside, gathering the tiny shells, and shining pebbles. At night I would wander there, and hear old ocean singing soft lullabys, hushing the smaller waves to sleep. The glorious moon would oft look down, with mild approving eye upon the scene, and cast her silver mantle upon the bosom of the deep. I had also my favorite nook,—a cozy little place formed by an overhanging cliff o'er which grew the dark sea moss. One evening while there the soft music of the waters lulled me to sleep; the tide was rising; a few minutes more, and they would have washed over me—when I was aroused by being lifted in the arms of some kind hearted gentleman, who exclaimed, "Miss Davey are you mad, to thus risk your life?" I thought it was my kind old cottager, so I lay quietly in his arms. He carried me in the house and placed me upon the sofa, when judge of my surprise, to see a young handsome gentleman and beside him my kind patrons. In a few moments I knew all this was the work of George Winters the much talked of son.

His kind gentle manner completely won my love, and I, the betrothed of another, loved him too dearly. I knew by his actions how dear I was to him. His stay at home was limited to three months, and the last evening of his stay, he came to me and said, "Anna come and walk with me. I expect it is the last time I can ever ask you." We wandered by the seaside, to my favorite nook, where he had rescued me from the arms of death. I was very happy then, as we sat side by side talking of by-gones; then he told me of his true deep love, and begged me to become his wife. I loved him too dearly, and was too weak to tell him of my early betrothment; I promised to be his. Chide me not, dear reader. I could not resist his tender pleadings—and there upon bended knees, we plighted our troth—to be true to each other 'till death. The next day he left for a cruise of three years, and I was left alone, with my great sorrow crushing the tendrils of my heart.

Thus weary time sped on, for two months, when a letter was placed in my hands; it was from Henry, stating that according to my Father's will, the time of our marriage was fixed on the 16th of October, one month distant, on the morning of which day he would come for me.

The 16th at last arrived, a bright beautiful day, and he, whom I dreaded to meet, came also. He was tall and well formed, yet he could not be called handsome—but his face had a noble lofty look—and from his dark eyes there beamed a world of kindness. I bade my kind friends adieu merely telling them I was going to the city; that night I was married, yet I was far from happy for I had a dread secret to unfold. Sitting in the parlors of the beautiful home, to which he brought me I told him all—when I had finished he said, "my own deluded one, I love you too truly, to cause you one pang of sorrow, we will therefore part, to-morrow I will leave for Europe, and may you be much happier, than I ever can be."

I sold my beautiful home, and removed to a quiet little village, forty miles distant on the banks of the beautiful ocean. I built a small cottage and there I lived with a kind old domestic, one that knew and loved my parents. I had no society, for I was too wicked for the company of the pure minded—when I had resided here sixteen years I received a kind letter from Henry—he had sought, and found George Winters—they were firm fast friends and both would ever love their Anna.

One night there was a dreadful storm, the waves sang fearful songs of death, the wind raved in wildest fury and thick dark clouds were gathered in huge masses over the face of the heavens. But when morning came all was serenity, the sun shone with its wonted brilliancy. I went to the seaside, the waves were calm and tranquil but I saw upon the beach a small row boat and beside it two lifeless bodies—clasped in each other's arms.

I knelt beside them and then I saw who they were—when I awoke to consciousness I found myself upon my own bed. My first inquiry was for the bodies of my precious ones, they were in the house ready for burial. They were at my request buried in the garden, there two whom I had so wronged. Every day I wandered to those graves and there mourned and prayed for those whose spirits had left their earthly tenement of clay, for a bright place in heaven. I yet visit those graves, for my weary life still lingers. I long for death, as I have a hope in heaven—my poor broken heart will soon cease its pulsations, and I will be laid to rest beside those two whom I loved on earth, and will love in heaven where "they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in Heaven."

Valley Forge—A thrilling Sketch of the Revolution.

Hidden away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farm-house rose darkly over a wide waste of snow.

It was a cold, dark winter, and the snow began to fall—while in the broad fireplace of the old farm-house, the cheerful blaze of massive logs flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat by the fire—a father and child. The father, who sits yonder, with a soldier's belt thrown over his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty years, his eyes blood-shot, his face wrinkled and hollowed by care, and by dissipation more than care.

And the daughter, who sits in the full light of the blaze, opposite her father—a slender formed girl, of some seventeen years, clad in a coarse linsy skirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter in the days of the Revolution.

She was not beautiful—ah, no!

Care—perhaps that disease, Consumption, which makes the heart grow cold to name—have been busy with that young face, sharpened its outlines, and stamped it with a deathly paleness.

There is no bloom on that young cheek. The brown hair is laid plainly aside from the pale brow. Then tell me what is it you see when you gaze into her face.

You look at that young girl and see nothing but the gleam of two large dark eyes, that burn in to your soul.

Yes, those eyes are unnaturally large, and dark and bright; perhaps consumption is feeding them.

And now then, as the father sits there, so moody and sullen, or the daughter sits there, so sad, and silent and pale, tell me, I pray you, the story of their lives.

That man, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, happy man, before the Revolution.—Since the war, he has become drunken and idle; driven his wife, broken-hearted, to the grave; and, worse than all, joined a band of tory refugees, who scour the land at the dead of night, burning and murdering as they go.

To-night, at the hour of two, this tory band will lie in wait at the neighboring pass, to attack and murder the rebel Washington, whose starving soldiers lie yonder in the haunts of Valley Forge.

Washington, in his lonely journeying, is wont to pass this farm house; the cut-throats are in the next chamber, drinking and feasting, as they wait for two o'clock at night.

And the daughter, Mary—for her name was Mary—they loved that name in the good times—what is the story of her life?

She had been reared by her mother, now dead and gone home, to revere this man Washington, who will to-night be attacked and murdered; to revere him next to God. Nay, more, that mother, on her death bed, joined the hands of a partizan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and cold at Valley Forge.

Well might the maiden's eyes flash with unnatural brightness, well might her pale face gather a single burning flush in the center of each cheek.

For, yesterday afternoon, she went four miles, over roads of ice and snow, to tell Capt. Williams the plot of the refugees. She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his lone journeys; so this night, at twelve o'clock, the partizan company occupied the rocks above the neighboring pass, to trap the trappers of George Washington.

Yes, that pale, slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother, had broken through her obedience to her father, after a long and bitter struggle.—She had betrayed his plot to his enemies, stipulating first for the life and safety of her traitor father.

And now, as father and child are sitting there, the shouts of the tory refugees echo from the next chamber, as the hand of the old clock is on the hour of eleven. Hark? there is a sound of horse's hoofs within the farm-yard, there is a pause; the door opens, and a tall figure wrapped in a thick cloak white with snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshments and an hour's repose.

Why does the tory Manheim start aghast at the sight of the stranger's blue and gold uniform? then mumbling to his daughter about getting some food for the traveller, he rushed wildly into the next room, where his brother tories were feasting. Tell me, why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with the blue eyes and kindly smile?

Ah, if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terrors of battle with a smile, could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted with a long journey, his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with cold; it was the rebel of Valley Forge, who, returning to the camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and an hour's repose at his hands. In a few minutes behold the stranger with his cloak thrown off, sitting at that oaken table, eating the food spread out there by the girl, who stands trembling at his side.

And look! her hand is extended as if to warn him of his danger, but makes no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so calmly there?

One moment ago, as the girl is preparing the hasty supper, opened yonder closet adjoining the next room, she heard the low whispers of her father and the tories; she heard the dice box rattle, as they were casting lots for who should stab Washington in his sleep!

And now the words, "*Beware, on this night you die!*" trembled, half formed upon her lips, when her father came hastily from the room, and hushed her with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber, Mary," (how calmly polite a murderer can be,) "that chamber at the head of the stairs on the left. On the left, you mind."

Mary took the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oaken stairs. They stand on the landing, in this wing of the farm-house, composed of two rooms divided by thick walls from the body of the mansion. On one side, the right, is the door of Mary's chamber, on the other, the chamber of the soldier, to him a chamber of death.

For a moment Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazed upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look! She is to warn him of his danger, when, see there! her father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into that room on the left. And look ye, girl, it's late, and you had better go into your room and go to sleep."

While the tory watches from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left; Mary the one on the right.

An hour passed. Still the storm beat on the roof; still the snow drifts on the hills. Before the fire, in the dim old hall of that farm house, are seven half drunken men, with that tall tory, Jacob Manheim, sitting in their midst, the murderer's knife in his hand; for the lot has fallen on him. He is to go up and stab that sleeping man.

Even this half drunken murderer turns pale at the thought; how the knife trembles in his hand; trembles against the pistol barrel; the jeers of his comrades arouse him to the work; the light is in one hand, the knife in the other, he goes up stairs, he listens first at the door of his daughter on the right, and then at the door on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor; he enters the chamber on the left; he is gone for a moment. Silence! there is a faint groan. He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs, stands there before the fire with the bloody knife in his hands.

"Look!" he shrieks, as he scatters the red drops over his comrades, and over the hearth into the fire. Look! It is the blood of the traitor Washington.

His comrades gather around him with yells of joy; already, in fancy they count the gold which will be theirs for this deed; when lo, the stair door opens, and there, without a wound, stands George Washington, asking calmly for his horse.

"What!" shrieked the tory Manheim, "can neither steel nor bullets harm you? Are you a living man? Is there no wound in your uniform?"

The apparation drives him mad.

He starts forward; he places his hands tremblingly upon the arms and breast of Washington. He then looks at the bloody knife, still clasped in his right hand, and stands there, quivering as with a death spasm.

While Washington looks on in silent wonder, the door is thrown open; the bold troopers from Valley Forge throng the room with the gallant and bronzed visage of Capt. Williams in their midst.

At this moment the old clock in the room struck one.

Then a hurried thought flashed through the brain of the tory Manheim. He seizes the light! rushes to the room of his daughter, on the right hand. Some one has just risen from the bed—the chamber was vacant. Then toward the chamber on the left, with steps of leaden heaviness. Lo! now the knife quivers in his hand. He pauses at the door—he listens. His blood curdles in his veins.—Gathering courage, he pushes open the door. Toward the bed, through whose curtains he struck so blindly a moment ago. Again he pauses—not a sound—stillness more terrible than the grave.—He flings aside the curtains.

There in the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood—there lay his daughter Mary.

And do not look upon the face of her father as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in his pause of horror, listen to the mystery of the deed.

After the father had gone down stairs an hour or two, Mary silently stole from the chamber on the right, her soul shaken by a thousand fears. She opened the door on the left and beheld Washington sitting at the table. Then, though her existence was in the act, she asked him, in a tone of calm politeness, to enter the room on the right. Mary entered the chamber on the left.

Can you imagine the agony of the girl's soul, as, lying on the bed intended as the death couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although that knife might be clenched in a father's hand!

And now that father, frozen into stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand the other still clenching the red knife.

There lay his child, the blood streaming from that wound in her arm, her eyes covered with a glossy film.

"Mary!" shrieked the guilty father—for robber and tory as he was, he called to her, but that was all he could say.

Suddenly she seemed to wake from that stupor. She sat up in the bed with glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was on her. As she sat there, erect and glassy, the room was thronged with soldiers. Her lover rushed forward and called her by name. No answer. Called again—spoke to her in that familiar voice of olden time; still no answer. She knew him not.

Yes, it was true—the strong hand of death was upon her.

"Has he escaped?" she said it with a husky voice.

"Yes!" shricked the father. "Live, Mary—only live, and to-morrrw I will join the camp at Valley Forge."

Then that girl—the hero woman—dying as she was, not so much from the wound in her arm, as from the agony which had broken her last chord of life, spread forth her arms as if she beheld a form floating above the bed beckoning her away.

"Mother!" she whispered, while there grouped the soldiers—there with speechless agony upon his brow, stood the lover—there, hiding his face with one hand, while the other grasped the light, crouched the father—the light flashing over the dark bed, with the form in its centre—"Mother, thank God! For with my life I have saved him—"

Look! even as starting on that bloody couch there, she speaks the half-formed word, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face.

She is dead. From the room her spirit has gone.

The half-formed word still quivering on the white lips of the hero woman—that uttered in a husky whisper, choked by the death-rattle—that word was—WASHINGTON.

Meekness is a virtue by which a man may know a Christian better than by his name, says Chrysostom; and Tertullian telleth us, that anciently, among the heathen, professors of Christianity were called not Christiani, but *Chrestiani*, a Greek word signifying sweetness and benignity of disposition.

The right and true Christian faith is, not only to believe that the Holy Scripture and all the articles of our faith is true, but also to have a sure trust and confidence in God's merciful promises, to be saved from everlasting damnation by Christ; whereof doth follow *a loving heart to keep His commandments.*

It would be an ease to Gospel-sinners in hell, if they could raze the remembrance of the Gospel out of their memories, and forget that they ever knew such truths.

There is no readier way for man to bring his own worth into question, than by endeavoring to detract from the worth of other men.

It is an observation as true as common, that no man was ever extremely wicked on a sudden. A hardy sinner must be the work of time, a creature of industry and toil, of conflict and repulses.

Whenever I spy a fault in another, I am determined to seek for two in myself, and they will not be hard to find.

None are more uncurable than they who deem themselves whole.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

As to be perfectly just is the attribute of the Divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.

As it is hard for one who is good himself, to judge another to be naught, so again, it is hard for one who is naught himself, to judge another to be good.

Oh man! what have you to do with earth, who pretend to be of heavenly abstraction, when you say, "Our Father, which art in heaven?

Punishment is the recoil of crime; and the strength of the backward stroke proportions itself to the strength of the original blow.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday ..... Jan. 12, 1861

C. C. Cox, J. W. Alexander, } Editors and Proprietors.

Terms.

The Times is published weekly in Greensboro, N. C., at $2 a year in advance. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Notice to Subscribers.

Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription has expired, and unless renewed within four weeks, the paper will be discontinued.

To Advertisers.

The Times is a good medium for advertising. None but select advertisements will be admitted. The following is our regular schedule of prices:

One insertion of ten lines	$1 00
Three squares of ten lines one insertion	2 00
One quarter column	3 00
One half column	5 00
One column	8 00
One square one month	2 00
Two squares do	3 00
Three do do	4 00
One quarter column one month	6 00
One half column do	10 00
One column do	15 00
One square one year	10 00
One quarter column one year	30 00
One half column do	50 00
One column do	75 00

From China.

News is received from Europe confirming the signing of peace at Pekin between the Chinese authorities and the Allies. The treaty calls for the payment of 60,000,000 francs in lenuity to France. The amount payable to England is not stated. The churches formerly belonging to the Christians are to be restored.

Arming the State.

There is a bill before the Legislature of this State for appropriating $300,000 towards equipping 10,000 men for army service. Were we in the legislature we would vote against the bill, first, because there is no necessity for the equipment of 10,000; secondly, there is no money in the treasury to meet the debt of $300,000 after it is made; thirdly, the money might be spent to so much greater advantage for the state in some other enterprise.

Florida Convention.

Tallahassee, Jan. 7.—In the Convention to day a resolution, declaring the right and duty of Florida to secede from the Union, was passed—yeas 62, nays 5. A Committee of thirteen was appointed to draft the ordinance of secession, and it was adopted!

New Subscribers.

It affords us much pleasure to receive renewed favors from those who have for so many years proved their friendship. Their friendship is long, tried, and true. Such as have sent us new subscribers the past week will please accept of our most grateful thanks. We are pleased to say new names are added to our list every day. We shall try to show our appreciation by using our best efforts to make the *Times* worthy of support.

Death of T. J. Holton.

The Charlotte *Whig* comes to us this week in mourning. Its editor and proprietor has passed away from the scenes of this life. He died at his residence in that town on the 27th ult. The cause of his death was illness occasioned by severe injuries sustained sometime since on being thrown from his buggy. Mr. Holton was the rise of fifty, and leaves a wife and family to mourn his death.

Another Slaver.

Key West, Dec 29, 1860.—The U. S. steamer Mohawk, arrived here on the 22d inst., bringing in another slaver, the bark Mary J. Kimball of New Orleans. She has been libelled for forfeiture. The master S. C. McLelland, and mate, John Raymaud, are to be imprisoned in default of abil to await a trial in May next.

Secession and Coercion.

We believe the President expressed in his annual Message to Congress the true doctrine, when he said that no State had the right to secede; yet in the event of such a step by any state, it was impolitic to attempt any coercive measures. Secession can be defined nothing short of revolution, yet from present indications *six* States are sure to take the step; and if the federal government attempt coercion, *nine* more will follow, and it will be utterly useless to try the experiment. In case of the *fifteen* Slave States seceding, there will not be enough of the remaining states to form a quorum in Congress to declare war. If war ensue, therefore, it will not be the federal government waging war against the *rebellious* states, but simply a war between the Abolitionists and the slave states. It is, therefore, exceedingly short-sighted upon the part of the Northern press to berate the President on account of his refusal to open war upon South Carolina. If the Northern press wish to serve their country, and preserve this Union, let them cease their threats of coercion, council friendly concession and guarantees for future safety in the Union, and the ends will be accomplished. Or persisting in their determined course, all the metal in the universe could not form a chain with sufficient strength to hold these States together. The South has been outraged, she demands her rights, being denied her, she takes her destinies in her own hands.

But fellow citizens of the South, lets not be too hasty—there may yet be hope for the Union and equality of the States.

The Bunyan Tableaux.

We call attention to Mr. Greenwood's advertisement of the Bunyan Panorama in another column. The exhibitions will be in the Young Men's Hall, commencing Friday night.

The Panorama represents Bunyan's world-renowned allegory of Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan lived in the sixteenth century, and was imprisoned as a dissenter from the established church of England. Though the son of a poor tinker, raised in indolence, vice, and dissipation; yet he reformed and commenced, without any education, to preach the gospel. Persisting in preaching contrary to the rules of the established church, he was imprisoned in Bedford jail, where he remained twelve years. But he was not idle; and, as religious persecution always will prove, he accomplished more good by his incarceration, than if he had been permitted to preach at large; for he spent his time in writing various books, the "Pilgrim's Progress" being one, which, it is said, has been translated into more languages than any other book ever written, excepting the Bible. How often are the blind persecutions of the world destructive of their own ends!

Though we have not seen this magnificent Panorama, yet we have heard it described by those in whose judgment we confide, and we are prepared to say the beautiful allegory of Bunyan is illustrated beyond the power of words, and the mind is made to conceive each and every idea just as it was conceived by the author.—We advise every one who can make it convenient to go and see it.

The Tableaux consist of a continuous series of sixty magnificent scenes, with figures of life size. The following further description is from the *Protestant Churchman*:

"It consists of three parts:—The first opens with Bunyan dreaming, and closes with the execution of Faithful. In the second, Byends, Money Love, and Fair Speech meet the Pilgrims, and terminates with their entering the River of Death. The third part represents scenes from the second part of Bunyan's work, Great heart with Christiana and her family at the Spring—the passage through the Valley and shadow of Death—the Land of Beulah, and the journey onward to the gate of the Celestial City. Seldom, if ever, have we viewed an effort of art of this kind with greater satisfaction. The scenes of the glorious dreamer are most happily conceived, and have been transferred to the canvass with a spirit and truthfulness which every lover of Bunyan must appreciate, presenting to him a succession not of paintings, but of beautifully executed paintings."

Newspapers.

The English correspondent of the *methodist* remembers "the time when it was considered rather discreditable for a preacher to be seen at any time reading a news paper. One who was taken to task by his circuit authorities for that offence, said that he read them, first, that he might know what God was doing; secondly, that he might know what man was doing; thirdly, that he might know what the devil was doing; and fourthly, that he might know what *he* was to do."

The Legislature.

The Legislature took a recess of 15 days, and reassembled on last Monday. On that day the *Senate* did nothing of importance. In the *House*, Union Resolutions from the counties of Orange, Caldwell, Forsyth, and perhaps other counties were read and referred as usual.

Mr. Rogers of Wake introduced his Bill for a Railroad from the Coal Fields to Raleigh or some point west not above 12 miles, with a capital stock of $800,000—for single or double track, empowering towns, counties or other corporations to subscribe, &c., but asking no State aid. Mr. Merriman a Bill for the Greenville and French Broad Railroad from Asheville to South Carolina, with any guage the company may desire. Mr. Wright a Bill to incorporate "the Fayetteville Mill Co." Mr Bridgers a Bill to allow in all recoveries in ejectment and actions for mesne profits, the improved value of the lands to be given in evidence in mitigations of damages so recovered.

The Convention Bill was made the order of the day for Wednesday, 12 M., and Mr. Erwin's Bill for arming the State, on its third and last reading Tuesday at 12 M.

Tuesday.—The Bill for arming the State and appropriating $300,000, passed its last reading in the House, and become a law by a vote of 71 to 36.

Several bills were also introduced, read the first time and appropriately referred, among them a bill to incorporate the Concord Copper Mining Company, by Mr. Mendenhall, of Guilford; and one levying tax of twenty-five per cent. on all debts collected under execution, when the specie is demanded by the creditor, by Mr. Winslow, of Randolph. Mr. Hill introduced a bill for a special court in Caswell county, to try the negro in that county, who committed the outrage on his mistress in the Christmas. The reason given for the haste in the matter was, that unless he be speedily dealt with by law, the mob will hang him without law. The rules were suspended, and the bill was read the second and third times and passed and sent to the Senate.

Wednesday the question of the State Convention will come up for action and will, perhaps, occupy several days in its discussion.

High Point Female School.

We have received a circular from the principal of this school, Prof. S. Lander, setting forth the terms of that Institution, together with its claims for patronage. We have known Prof. Lander for several years, and a more worthy gentleman and faithful teacher we have not in the State. There is no Female High School that can present superior claims for patronage than the one over which Prof. Lander so successfully presides. We call attention to the advertisement of this Institution, together with the many other flourishing schools advertised under our "School Directory."

Letter From Charleston.

An interesting letter in the Baltimore American, from Charleston, gives an inside view of the official business of the new "Republic:"

At the Governor's quarters I found the greatest activity. The room was filled with aids writing out orders and dispatches. The various Secretaries of His Excellency, the Military Chief of the Republic, were all employed in attending to the demands made upon them.

The Governor himself was seated upon a rostrum facing the entrance, surrounded by half a score or more of gentlemen in military undress or in citizen's habit. All seemed impressed with anxiety and concern, and from what I saw going on, and from what I heard, I inferred that the State considered herself in an actual state of warfare. The messengers that ran hither and thither bore military looking dispatches, with great seals upon them.

The Governor appeared careworn, but determined. He expressed himself to those about him as engaged in preparation for the worst. He listened to the suggestions of his advisers, and read the reports of military subordinates as soon as they reached his hand, and on the instant issued such direction as seemed to be necessary. The measures he has already taken for defence are principally confined to the harbor, beyond Fort Sumter.—This post is not generally known to be almost in the middle of Charleston harbor, half-way between Fort Moultrie Morris' Island, or Fort Johnson. Fort Johnson is no stronghold in any sense, but merely the sight of an old revolutionary work, on which intrenchments are now being thrown up, and batteries are being erected. Morris' Island is also the site for another work undergoing construction. Both the localities bear directly upon Fort Sumter, and, besides, command all vessels that enter the harbor on the one side, while opposite positions command the rest of the entrance to the bar, so that before any craft or vessel-of war is able to reach Fort Sumter, she will have to encounter the breastworks, batteries, &c., erected on the outside.

To the left of the Gubernatorial quarters is a chamber occupied by a number of staff officers. These gentlemen were in the midst of business. A long green baize table extended nearly from end to end of the room. It was literally covered with papers, while the floor of the room was in an equally unfortunate condition. There was no lounging on the part of any one. The men all looked to be thoroughly immersed in business; many of them were busy writing out orders, which were promptly delivered to men in waiting; none were idle, and affairs of the greatest moment appeared to occupy every one. The Governor is quite up to the mark of promptness which the ardor of the people demands. All under him are bound to be active, and all that liveliness can accomplish will be done, you may rest assured.

The military on the coast, untried as they are to such exposure and hardships are suffering greatly. The weather has been quite cold, as well as damp and disagreeable, and their relatives in the city are in great distress about them. The realities of practical secession are already found to be much more serious than was anticipated, although the first gun has not been fired yet.

From Missouri.

St. Louis, Jan. 4.—Governor Jackson's inaugural address was almost exclusively devoted to the discussion of federal relation. He says the destiny of the slaveholding States is identical, and Missouri would best consult her own interests and the interests of the whole country by a timely declaration of her determination to stand by her sister slaveholding States, in whose wrongs she participates and with whose institutions her people sympathize.

Missouri will remain in the Union so long as there is a hope of maintaining the guarantees of the Constitution, but if the Northern States are determined to put the slaveholding States on a footing of inequality, by preventing the entrance of slaves into the Territories; admitting no more slave States, or persisting in nullifying or perverting the Constitution in reference to slave property, then they themselves practically abandon the Union, and cannot expect the South to submit to such a government.

He opposes coercion, and says the project of maintaining the government by force, may lead to a consolidated despotism, but never to Union. Our government is based upon justice, equality—and the first drop of blood shed in a war of aggression upon Sovereign States will result in the overthrow of the entire federal system. He says he has not abandoned all hope of the preservation of the Union, and he believed that by prudence and well-directed efforts, an adjustment alike honorable to both sections can be effected. He is opposed to Congressional compromises, the South can rely only upon Constitutional guarantees; and, to effect this end, he advises the calling of a Southern Convention to agree upon such amendments of the Constitution as would secure her just rights and submit them to the Northern States for their action. He advises the calling of a State Convention to ascertain the will of the people on the subject; and also advises a thorough organization of the State militia to repel invasion and protect the property and the lives of citizens. He recommends the legalization of the suspension of specie payment by the banks.

The Charleston Mercury heads its reports of the proceedings of Congress "Foreign Intelligence."

He does not Read the Times.

A friend of ours writes us that he has a neighbor, a plain farmer, who does not read much, and sometimes asks for information about public affairs. One day recently he wished to know what politician it was that said "it was better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." He thinks it was some one in this state, and from the mountain region of it, but is not certain. He thinks, too, that he has read somewhere about one Cain who killed his brother, and that Homer tells the story; and that it is in the same book that gives the account of Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, and destroying the liberties of his country. Or it may be, (he says) that it is in the history of the revolution, where he read about Benedict Arnold, the traitor and about Judas betraying his master somewhere down about Hillsboro. At any rate, he says that if he has got these all wrong, he thinks that old times are coming back, and there are just as bad men now as any of these, and he is not certain, but some as bad as all these put together!

P. S. If there be many such men, heads of families, in the vicinity of our correspondent, we would like to be informed, and we will contrive some means by which their families shall have the privilege of reading the Times, that the ignorance of the father may not be visited upon his children.

Daylight Breaking.

Under the head of "Daylight Breaking," the Washington Star, of Saturday afternoon, says:

The Committee on the part of the border States, Mr. Crittenden, chairman, held its second meeting last night, and at 12 o'clock adopted the following propositions:

Recommending a repeal of all Personal Liberty bills.

An efficient amending of the fugitive slave law, preventing kidnapping, equalizing commissioner's fees, &c.

That the Constitution be so amended as to prohibit any interference with slavery in any of the States.

That Congress shall not abolish slavery in the dock yards, &c., nor in the District of Columbia, without consent of Maryland and the consent of the inhabitants of the District, nor without compensation.

That Congress shall not interfere with the inter State slave trade.

That there shall be a perpetual prohibition of the African slave trade.

That the line of 36:30 shall be run through all the existing territory of the United States, and in all north of that line slavery shall be prohibited; south of that line neither Congress nor territorial Legislature shall hereafter pass any law abolishing, prohibiting, or in any manner interfering with African slavery; and when any Territory, containing sufficient population for one member of Congress in any area of 60,000 square miles shall apply for admission as a State, it shall be admitted with or without slavery as its Constitution may determine.

The Committee represented at its meeting Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, North Carolina, Texas, Kentucky, Ohio, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Delaware, Arkansas, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

This report was agreed to under circumstances leading to the hope that it will be accepted by overwhelming majorities of all the parties into which Congress is divided.

The Florida State Convention met on the 3rd; Alabama and Mississippi, on the 7th; Georgia, on the 9th; Louisiana will meet on the 23rd; and Texas, on the 25th inst.

Commodore Kearney, second on the Naval list, who sent in his resignation a few days since, has revoked it. In a private letter he says:

"Since the course pursued by Charlestonians, I have changed my views in regard to matters in that quarter and elsewhere, and I have asked to be allowed to withdraw my letter of resignation in the Navy."

Commander Charles Stewart, U. S. N., of the Philadelphia Navy-Yard, has written a letter against secession, and in favor of the North repealing her Liberty bills.

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 4.—The war steamer Brooklyn is coaling, taking in stores getting ready for a cruise.

Ancient Prophecies Relating to America.

It appears from the fragments of ancient writings that have come down to us, that there were some inklings about this continent in the earliest ages; at least long before the time of Christ. Every one, nearly, has heard the story of the lost Atlantis of Plato. The following is taken from Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography. He introduces the story as a part of a conversation respecting the ancient history of the world, held by Solon with an old priest of Sais in Egypt.

The priest informs Solon that the Egyptian records preserved the memory of the fact that 9,000 years earlier the Athenians had repelled an invading force, which had threatened the subjugation of all Europe and Asia too. This invasion came from the Atlantic Sea, which was at that time navigable. In front of the Strait, called the Pillars of Hercules, lay an island, greater than Libya and Asia taken together, from which island voyagers could pass to other islands, and from them to the opposite continent, which surrounds that sea, truly so called, (i. e. the Atlantic.)

This is introduced into the Timæus of Plato, and expanded still more in the Critias of the same author. The general opinion seems to have prevailed more or less from the time when the globular figure of the earth was established, that the known world occupied but a small part of its surface, and that there might be on it other islands besides our triple continent.

Whether such opinions were founded on the vague records of some actual discovery, or on all, mythical or poetical representations, or on the basis of scientific hypothesis, can no longer be determined; but, from whatever source the anticipation of the discovery of America is found (not to mention other and less striking instances) the well-known passage of Seneca's Medea, which is said to have made a deep impression on the mind of Columbus.

Venient annis secula seris
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tethysque novos detegat orbes;
Nec sit terris ultima Thule.

"In late years, ages shall arrive, when the ocean shall relax the bonds of the universe, and a mighty land shall be laid open, and Tiphys shall unveil new worlds, and Thule shall no longer be the utmost extremity of the earth."

This is most extraordinary; but we quote another still more wonderful extract from an ancient writer, that seems to have anticipated the very times on which we have fallen.

We should be glad if some one would translate it for the public. If some good scholar would put it before the American people, it might be of great advantage in these times of dissension and division.

There are some variations in the text of most all the ancient classics; and we have copied this from one that in a few words differs from the common text.

AD POPULUM AMERICANUM.

Quis quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi?
Parumne campis atque Neptuno super
Fusum est pecunie et sanguinis?
Non ut superbis invidae Hispaniae
Pax victor arces uroret:
Horridis aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus via:
Sed ut, secundum vota Anglorum, sua
Gens hinc periret dextera.
Neque hic lapis mos, nec fuit leonibus,
Nunquam, nisi in dispar, feris.
Furorne cecus, an rapit vis acrior?
An culpa? responsum date.
Tacent; et ora pallor albus inficit,
Mentesque perculsae stupent.
Sic est; acerba fata vos omnes agunt,
Seclusque fraterni odii,
Ut immerentum fluxit in terram Patrum
Sacer nepotibus cruor.

Though some better scholar than we are might make a more faithful translation, we will venture to give something like the idea of the writer.

"Oh, ye impious men, whither, whither are ye going? Or why are your right hands armed with those swords which were returned to their scabbards?

"Has not enough of money been spent; or of blood been shed on the battle fields, and on the sea? Not that our generals may storm the proud fortresses of envious Spain; or that the hostile Britain may be led a prisoner along the public way of our capital, [Pennsylvania Avenue] But that according to the solemn vow of the angles [English] this nation may perish by its own forces. Neither wolves, nor lions were ever wont thus to act, though wild, unless against other species of wild beasts.

"Has blind fury or some superior power, or the guilt of your forefathers seized hold of you? Reply. They say nothing; a deadly paleness spreads over their faces; 'and their conscience-stricken minds are stupified.' Thus it is: vigorous destiny, and the guilt of brothers' hate drive you all mad, ever since the blood of blameless fathers, fatal to their grandchildren, flowed to the ground."

NOTE.—200 revolutionary soldiers were drawing pensions some time this year.

"Northern Sentiment" against Concession.

The New York *Tribune* resolutely refuses to participate in the fraud which would pacify the South with pretences of moderation and a willingness to compromise on the part of the North. Referring to the temper of its party in the crisis, that paper—which, more than all others, is entitled to speak in behalf of the Black Republicans—curtly says:

"Never in any political excitement, nor in any public crisis, have we seen such calmness, steadiness and firmness among the masses of the people as now prevail throughout all the free States. In the cities the defeated Democrats are agitated with the hope of resuscitating their late party from the annihilation which has just overtaken it, and accordingly are playing the disunion harp with all their might; while here and there a weak brother who voted for Lincoln, but now finds himself pinched in some stock-gambling speculation, becomes scared and talks of concession. But in the country from Maine to Kansas, the freemen are quiet and resolved. Their feelings and wishes are best expressed in the recent speech of Senator Wade. They have done no wrong and have no apologies to offer. They stand by the Constitution and the Union, and are not yet ready to repudiate the 4th of July or to trample on the star spangled banner. In all history a more admirable spectacle was never witnessed than is now afforded by this great people, unalarmed at the clamor, and determined only that the controversy of which it is a feature shall now be finally settled, so that it cannot be revived again by the fools, fanties, and demagogues of a future day."

Commenting on the above, the Washington *Constitution* says:

"A diligent examination of the black-republican press has convinced us that the Tribune's statement is literally correct. Here and there in the Atlantic cities Lincoln journals, oscillating between commercial considerations and anti-slavery convictions, affect an anxiety for peace, though at the cost of party pledges; but the interior press the press reflecting the views of the rural classes, by whom alone Lincoln was elected is unyielding and defiant as ever. Not only is there no disposition to concede the just claims of the South, but there is a dogged determination to push black-republican principles to their legitimate conclusion—"Beware of the Rom lhead," is the warning addressed to the South by one of the exponents of Northern fanaticism. The crusade is to be carried on under the guise of cant; and when *that* is at work, compromise becomes impossible."

Report of Gen. Harney Relative to Montgomery's Kansas Raid.—The Secretary of War has received a dispatch from General Harney, who has returned to St. Louis from his search for Montgomery and his band. It contains all the principal facts connected with Montgomery's raid, and throws some light in regard to the objects and purposes of the funds that are being collected for suffering Kansas. We quote the following:

I believe that Montgomery's band is fully as large as represented to be; they are sworn to protect each other by perjury, assassination and in every way possible. Their object is, as declared publicly by themselves, to protect fugitive slaves in the Territory, to assist them to run away whenever an opportunity offers, "taking them east, and receiving sixty dollars per head," and to drive out of the Territory all who oppose them in so doing. A large portion of the population on the border either belongs to the organization or sympathize with them, and those who do not, dare not oppose them or give information concerning them. I am satisfied that the greater part, if not all the donations which are sent to sufferers in Kansas, goes into the hands of this band, and the greater portion of it is perverted from the use intended by purchasing arms and munitions of war for carrying out their plans. It would take a large force to thoroughly break up this band.

Montgomery has a regularly organized band of about sixty men, who receive ten dollars per month, besides a portion of the robberies &c., and also spies and runners all over the country, who give him timely notice of any movements set on foot against him. The day before the troops reached Mound City, Montgomery's men to the number of between four hundred and five hundred, assembled and passed resolutions, a copy of which has been published in the Black Republican papers.—I think the best and cheapest way to catch Montgomery and his party will be to furnish the Governor with funds, and let him do it his own way.

Death of Rev. J. H. Ingraham.

We have already stated that Rev. J. H. Ingraham, of Christ Church, Holly Springs Miss., was wounded by the accidental discharge of a pistol. He has since died.—The Memphis Avalanche says of him:

He was a remarkable man. Many years ago, Mr. Ingraham, then a professor in one of the Southern colleges, published a number of works of fiction, some of which attained a wide popularity, especially his novel of "Lafitte, or the Pirate of the Gulf." His "Southwest" also had a wide circle of admirers.

Some six or eight years ago Mr. Ingraham felt that he had received a call to the sacred desk, and after a preliminary preparation, was admitted to orders as an Episcopal clergyman. He was first, we believe, stationed at Mobile, from whence, about three years ago, he went to reside at Holly Springs, where he labored faithfully and successfully till his death.

Since his assumption of ministerial duties Mr. Ingraham has published several religious works, "The Prince of the House of David," "The Pillar of Fire," &c., which were bringing him both fame and profit. He leaves, we believe, a small family to deplore, with all who knew him, his premature decease.

North Carolina Items.

ELIZABETH CITY, Jan. 7.—An election for municipal officers was held on last Saturday, which resulted in the success of Dr. Rufus K. Speed for Mayor, over Dr. J. T. P. C. Cohoon, present incumbent, by 19 votes.

An affray occurred at the polls between Messrs. John W. and W. C. Pool, and Julius C. Dashiell and Henry Culpepper, and others. Revolvers were freely used, and Culpepper was mortally wounded.—He died shortly afterwards. The parties have been held to bail in the sum of $1,000 each.

WILMINGTON, Jan. 5.—Yesterday was observed here as a day of fasting and prayer. It looked as quiet as Sunday and every body looked serious and earnest.—Business was generally suspended.

WELDON, N. C., Jan. 5.—On last Monday night, Mr. L. Woodruff was taken from his bed, at his residence in Northampton county, by five of his own negroes, and brutally murdered. His body was then taken and deposited in the woods, near the residence of Mr. W. T. Stephenson.

From all I can learn the negroes have been under arrest for several days, but would tell nothing until this morning, when they made a full confession and marched deliberately with the officers and showed them where they had deposited the body. It was in a horribly mangled condition.—*Correspondent Petersburg Express.*

Northern Concession.

PORTLAND, Jan. 2.—The city council to day passed a resolution instructing the representatives in the Legislature to repeal the Personal Liberty law.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 2.—The city council has passed a resolution instructing the representatives of this city in the State Legislature to use their endeavors to secure the repeal of the personal liberty law of the State.

ALBANY, Jan. 2.—The Democratic members of the Legislature met in caucus to day and resolved to support the proposition for an equal division of the remaining Territory, after the admission of Kansas into the Union, between the North and South. It is further proposed that Kansas shall be admitted as two States.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—There is a heavy pressure brought to bear to-day upon Senator Seward by a number of prominent New York merchants, to get him to favor some sort of compromise measure that may satisfy the conservative people of the Southern States.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—Mr. Crittenden's compromise is gaining friends, who entertain the opinion that if it were placed fairly before the people it would be accepted by them as a basis of settlement for the main difficulty. However, there are some parties at present indisposed to offer it without the assurances that others will receive it in a neutral spirit of accommodation, North and South.

BOSTON, Jan. 5.—Gov. Andrew, in his inaugural, says that the people of Massachusetts respond to the words of Jackson, "The Union must be preserved." The right to reclaim fugitives from labor must be subordinate to the indefeasible right of every freeman to liberty. He submits the question to the wisdom of the Legislature.

MARRIED.

In Wake county, on the 3d inst., Mr. Wm. Nowel and Miss Joana Marchburn—all of Wake.

In Randolph county, on the 20th ult., Dr. John G. Elder, of Davidson county, and Miss Phebe Jane, daughter of Hiley Brown, Esq., of Randolph.

In High Point, on 24th ult., Mr. Alphens L. Macklenhall, and Miss Susannah C. Davis—all of Guilford.

In Friendship, on the 1st inst., Mr. Jesse W. Sapp, and Miss Nahala Bulbert.

In High Point, on the 6th inst., Mr. Madison Lamb and Miss Mary J. Spoon—all of Guilford.

In Davidson county, recently, Mr. James Kepley and Miss Eliza Cornish.

DIED.

In Rockingham county, on the 24th ult., Rebekah, relict of daughter of John H. and Susan L. Nunally, aged 15 years and 6 months.

In Polk county, on the 19th ult., Joseph T. Powell Carson, in the 74th year of his age.

In Montfort's Cove, on the 14th ult., Elijah Cromwell, son of J. W. and Harriet Mason, aged 1 years 1 months and 22 days.

In Clarke, on the 7th inst., Mr. Edmund L. McNary, a merchant of that town, aged 35 years.

In Anson county, on the 9th inst., Mrs. Mary Gibbon, aged 78 years.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported especially for The Times, by R. L. Gray.

Jan. 11.—Bacon Hams 10c, Shoulders 8c, Sides 9c; Butter 12c, Coffee 16@20c, Candles, tallow 20c, Adamantine 25@30c, Sperm Oil 75c, Coal Oil, Mead Hens, Chickens 10c, Eggs 10c, Flour $5@5.50, Lard 10@12c, Hay 50c, Oats 15@20, Peas, yellow 90c, white 80, Pork 7½, Rice 7c, Salt $3 per B., Sugar, brown 7@8c, Loaf 12c, crushed 13c, Candy 12c, Tea 75c@$1.25, Wheat $1.10, Fruit—dried apples 50c per B., Peaches, no peaches, peeled do.

Norfolk Market.

Reported weekly, by Marshall & Bros., Com. Merchants

Jan. 8.—Flour—Family 7.25, Extra 6.75, Superfine 5.50. Wheat—white 1.20@1.25, red 1.10@1.15.—Splits—Turpentine 35, Rosin 1.75, Corn—white and mixed 60c, yellow 67. Peas—Cow peas 1.00@1.10, white 1.25@1.30.

Wilmington Market.

Jan. 7.—Turpentine—Virgin 31.00, yellow dip 2.00, hard 1.60 per bbl. Spirits Turpentine—Country 34c delivered, 37 gal. for New York 34c. Rosin—Pale 2.70@3.00, Tar—1.55@1.60.

New Orleans Market.

Jan. 8.—Sales of cotton, 9,000 bales. Middling fully 11c.

New York Market.

Jan. 9.—Cotton, active, Middling, 12cts. Flour—Southern 5.65@6.10. Wheat—Southern 1.30@1.60. Corn—Mixed 70@76c.

Baltimore Market.

Jan. 7.—Wheat—New red, white 1.25@1.45; red 1.15. Corn—White and yellow 67@70.

Petersburg Market.

Jan. 9.—Wheat—White 1.25@1.30, Red 1.12. Cotton—mixed 11½. Corn—Prime 70. Bacon—12c. Flour—supfine 5.00; extra 7.50@8.00, family 8.50@9.00. Tobacco—

Richmond Market.

Jan. 9.—Tobacco—Lugs 3 and 4 at 3@3.50, 5 and 6 at 4@4.50, Leaf, 4.50@5.50. Wheat—Red 1.25@1.27, white 1.30@.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, FOR ALL purposes of a Family Physic, are accompanied that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased actions and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is sick and tells with pain or physical debility is astonished to find new life or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and efficacious. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous ones. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Costiveness, Heartburn,—how to avoid and remedy nauseous stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a foul state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for the rapid cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been rescued from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten. Prepared by

DR J C AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro, N C.
Dec, 22—ly.

DR. J. BOYEE DODS' IMPERIAL WINE Bitters are made from a pure and unadulterated wine, which is about double the usual strength of other Wines, and is imported by only one house in the United States; also, from the following valuable Roots, Herbs, &c., viz: Solomon's Seal, Spikenard, Comfrey, Camomile Flowers, Gentian, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, and Bayberry. We do not profess to have discovered some Root "known only to the Indians of South America," and a cure for "all diseases which the flesh is heir to," but we claim to present to the public a truly valuable preparation, which every intelligent physician in the country will approve of and recommend.

As a remedy for Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, Diseases peculiar to Females, Debility, and all cases requiring a tonic, they are unsurpassed. For the aged and infirm, or for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-keepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial. These Bitters not only CURE, but PREVENT Diseases. Being entirely harmless they may be given to Children and Infants with impunity.

CHAS. WIDDIFIELD & Co., Proprietors,
78 William street, New York.

Sold in Greensboro by
june5 PORTER & GORRELL

ADVERTISEMENTS.

YOUNG MEN'S HALL.—For a few nights only, Commencing Friday, January 11, 1861.

THE SPLENDID MOVING MIRROR OF THE

BUNYAN TABLEAUX,

Showing Scenes *THIRTY FEET* in width, and weighing over *1,000* pounds. Supposed by the best judges to be the finest, as it is one of the largest

PANORAMAS IN THE WORLD,

Consisting of *SIXTY MAGNIFICENT SCENES*, with figures of life-size, illustrating Bunyan's world renowned allegory of the

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Cards of admission 50 cents, children and servants half-price.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Mirror will move at 7½ o'clock precisely.

Also exhibition on *WEDNESDAY* and *SATURDAY* Afternoons at 3 o'clock. Doors open at 2½ o'clock.

ROBERT J. GREENWOOD,
Jan. 11—4t. Manager and Proprietor.

HESPER: and other POEMS.—By THEO. H. HILL. The undersigned has now in press a volume of poems bearing the above title. Mr. Hill is well known in this community, as the author of many fugitive poems, which—published anonymously—have become the rounds of the press—sparkling, as pure gems, wherever set.

Having now reclaimed these wandering waifs, he presents them to the public—with others hitherto unpublished, and this publisher would only ask for them a candid perusal—impartial criticism.

The volume is neat 12mo, will be sent by mail, free of postage. Price 25 per copy. Orders should be forwarded at once. The subscriber, as but a small edition will be published. A liberal discount to the Trade.

HENRY P. TURNER,
Raleigh, Jan. 1 1861. N. C. Book Store

$100 PER MONTH!—Any young man can make One Hundred Dollars in one month, with Tools for cutting Stencil Plates for marking clothes, books, &c.; which tools I will furnish for $10. Try it. All money at my risk, if registered. Address,

JUSTIN S. CUESSY,
may16-om Drawer 25, Hillsdale, Michigan

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS—In consequence of gas having been lately introduced into our place, we have left on our hands a large assortment of Kerosene Lamps, which we propose to sell for less than the original cost. We can furnish lamps suited to churches, academies, parlors or kitchens. Call at the Drug Store

may5 PORTER & GORRELL

JOB WORK.—The reputation we have enjoyed for the last five years sustains us in putting OUR JOB WORK IN COMPETITION WITH THAT OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE.

We will do any kind of Printing as neat and as CHEAP as any other office will, and

ALWAYS HAVE IT EXECUTED WHEN PROMISED

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Oct 9, 1860. Greensboro, N. C.

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES, &c.,

which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

sept 21-tf J. F. JOLLEE.

LADIES' CONFECTIONERY.—Mrs. J. W. ALBRIGHT, (2 doors west of the Times Office) would inform the Ladies of Greensboro and vicinity, that she has just received a large and beautiful assortment of CANDIES, FRUITS, NUTS, PICKLES, PRESERVES, Crystalized Fruits, Toys, Crackers, &c. Her selections being made especially for the ladies, she respectfully solicits and confidently expects a liberal share of their patronage.

N. B. Having made an engagement with one of the most experienced bakers in the state, orders for Parties, containing Cakes, Candies, Nuts, Fruits, &c., can be filled, which for style and price, will defy competition.

1860.....NEW ST'RE.....1860

GRAND DISPLAY of Fall and Winter GOODS. *DUCKER, HELBERT & Co.* are now receiving, and will continue to receive during the present season, the most complete assortment of DRY GOODS, BONNETS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, HARDWARE, JEWELRY, GROCERIES, &c., ever brought to this market. Preceding manufacturies for the purchase of goods from the very first class Commission Importing Manufactories, I went to the North, they are thus enabled to *sell for completion* in any Goods at their line. In

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
HATS and
SHOES

they call special attention, and in the GROCERY LINE they will not be undersold. Call on us before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the NEW STORE.

DUCKER, HELBERT & WOLFF.
Corner Market Square, Greensboro.

A NEW BOOK. DRIFTWOOD ON THE SEA OF LIFE. A Book of Tales, Sketches and Poems. By Willie Ware. Published by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia; Sinclair & Co., New York; Brown & Taggard, Boston.

From the Independent Press.

To all who have read the original productions of prose and poetry, it is enough to warrant its success to know that it comes from the pen of Willie Ware.

From the New York Dispatch.

DRIFTWOOD ON THE SEA OF LIFE—under the above title, one of our most favored contributors is about to publish a volume that cannot fail to be agreeable to all who read his articles, who are familiar with the semi-poetical, semi-philosophical style of working out his ideas, but the reading public at large. Willie Ware is a young but powerful and dashing writer—one who is destined to make his mark on the literature of the age, and should this effort, in his early efforts, (which, by the way, are far from being crude, but the thought of work) be encouraged.

From the Valley Star.

OUT IT.—Willie Ware announces in our advertising columns that his new book will shortly appear. We hope many of our readers will secure this work, as it will be a valuable addition to every library. Send your name to the publisher at once, and when the book is published send the money and get it.

From the Watchman (Ky) Tidl.

We can assure our readers that the forthcoming volume will be one of no ordinary degree of merit—that it will be "a feast of good things" for the intellectual appetite. Its very name is highly poetical.

☞ Single copies sent to any address, free of postage, on the receipt of $1.00. Address WILLIE WARE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wholesale Orders to JAMES CHALLEN & SON,
Jan. 5, 1861. Philadelphia, Pa

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

BEAR UP.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Ye, who have watched the morning light,
'Till all was dark as starless night,
Without one sympathizing friend,
Their counsel, or their aid to lend,
Whose hopes have faded, 'til the last,
And life's green spots, are in the past,—
Bear up—these clouds will pass away,
'Tis darkest, ere the dawn of day.

Ye, who have mourned in bitterness,
The blight of earthly happiness,
Who, in the crowd, have stood alone,
With every thought of pleasure flown,
Who in the paths of solitude,
Doth find no genial blossoms strewed,
Bear up,—the night will pass away,
Darkness, precedes the light of day.

Ye, who have sadly, wildly thought,
Until the brain was overwrought,
Who, o'er departed joys, have wept,
While other eyelids, calmly slept,
Who, on life's chequered pages, find
No balm, or solace, for the mind,
Bear up,—the darkest shades of night,
Are just before the dawn of light.

AGRICULTURAL.

Thorough Farming.

The time-honored maxim that, "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," true in almost everything, is especially true of farming. In any department of industry, extra care in doing a thing is always repaid—but in farming, this extra pains always produces a much greater proportionate benefit. It requires a good deal of expense to produce even a poor crop.—There is the same, or nearly the same expense in each case, for ploughing, seed, sowing, or planting, and the same interest on value of the land and wear of machinery. All these expenses have to be borne, even to produce a small crop.—Now, then, when the farmer has done so much, let him remember that every particle of manure applied, and every extra attention given to the crops, especially hoed crops, adds directly to the product, and consequently to the profits. In fact, you are constrained by all that you have already done, to do still more, in order to receive the benefit of it. If you have ploughed thoroughly, you ought certainly to manure liberally, and tend carefully, so as to get the greatest possible benefit of the ploughing, seed sown, and labor of sowing it.—Every step renders it more and more necessary that everything should be done well; for there is more and more at stake. In harvesting, especially, you need to be prompt and thorough. Often, indeed, a great part of the trouble and expense bestowed during a whole season, is lost for want of a little thoroughness at the last. We have seen hundreds of bushels of potatoes wasted, merely by digging them a week after instead of a week before the general "freeze up;" and it costs more to dig the few that were left in good order, from the wet and mud, than it would to have secured the whole crop in good order, earlier in the season. We have seen fields of corn half destroyed by being left out in the fields most of the winter, and yet costing nearly as much to secure the half which the mice and weather had not destroyed, as to have secured the whole crop in the barn or crib. And so of many other crops. It never costs more, and generally less, to harvest a crop at the right time, than it does after.

So, too, in regard to fences. The most miserable fence we ever saw, which was really no fence at all, generally had three-fourths enough rails and sometimes enough if well laid up, to make an excellent fence. With a long heap of rails, twisted and misplaced every way, to serve as a fence around a lot, a man may easily spend more time in one season in running to turn out the pigs or the cattle, and patching up the holes or putting on more rails on the lowest places, than would be required to take the fence down from one end to the other, and lay it up in a substantial manner and stake and wire it. But if pursue the "make do" system, you will have the cattle breaking the rails, destroying fifteen or twenty dollars' worth of crops, and perhaps injuring themselves; and in the fall you will have a poorer fence than in the spring, with a pretty certainty that if you were now to make a fence it would not keep in your cattle after they have become so enterprising from their summer's experience.

The same in regard to noxious weeds. The best way is, by all means, to have no half-way work, but to thoroughly destroy them in one year. For instance, as much labor is often expended on Canada thistles in three years, merely to keep them from spreading, and not half doing that, as, if well applied, would, in one year, destroy them root and branch. Really, the cheapest plan would be for the people of a whole State to unite on some one year to thoroughly exterminate this and other pests, and if more came up in succeeding years, from seeds dormant in the ground, they could easily be got rid of. But we reckon it won't be done, just yet, at least.

The above views are self-evidently true, that it is a wonder that all are not more thorough in farming. (We wonder that we ourselves are not, when we see the beauty of it so clearly!) But then, it requires an immense amount of labor.—There are so many things to be seen to, that if a man resolves to pursue an improved course of farming, it seems as if nature, and everything else, was conspiring to trip him up at some point. If he begins to underdrain, the first thing he knows his fences are rotting down and the cattle are in the corn field. When he stops to make fence, besides not getting his ditching done, the weeds get the start of him. The thistles get into blow, or at least are spreading vigorously at the root. The daisy gets into his meadow and the charlock into his oats; and when he stops to attend to these as he should, whatever else he may leave undone, the chances are that his potatoes don't get hoed that year, beside a multitude of other things which claim his attention, but which he has to neglect. Altogether too many farmers are almost beginning to despair of the possibility or practicability of being thorough in more than one or two points at once. At any rate, it is pretty certain that most who try to be thorough are so only in *streaks*—which we must say is apt to give their farms a rather *streaked* appearance, besides making the farmer feel withal! But even this is better than being slovenly throughout.

The trouble is, most farmers try to get through the season with too little help.—Hardly any expended nearly as much labor upon their land as they should, even for immediate profit. The increased value of large crops, instead of small ones, will pay for a good deal of manure and labor, besides leaving the land in so much better order for future service. In regard to noxious weeds, the higher market value of a clean farm will pay for a good deal of care in keeping them out; and, as we remarked at first, large as the expense of thorough tillage may seem, in the aggregate of the whole farm, the additional expense over ordinary cultivation is proportionably but a small part of the whole.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Fork vs. Spade.

The time-honored spade is falling into disuse. Look at yonder son of Erin, as he drives the shining blade into the moist loam, and heaves out a square compressed mass, two sides of which are smooth and compressed as possible. If you are standing near or working by his side he will hit it a rap and crumble the top of it a little, while the mass probably remains intact.

The ground will be levelled off with a rake, and the lumps will bake slowly, and remain likely enough hard and impervious all summer, if the ground is not deeply worked again. When spading is done in very dry weather, it is not liable to the same objection in degree, yet it leaves the soil always more or less lumpy.

How different it is with the use of the fork. The spading fork is found of various forms in the shops. We prefer one of narrow tines, rather long and very thick, made of good steele. A good quality of steel is very important, for often a single tine striking a stone or stick has to take instantly the whole force of the blow or shove. The tines should be thick: as considerable prying power is often required; and they should be narrow, that the earth may be no more compressed than is necessary.

A fork like this may be driven much deeper with the same force. It will lift the earth quite as well as a spade, and without packing it. If roots of trees, bulbs, or anything of the kind are present, there is little probability that they will be injured, if care is used and the ground may be loosened sufficiently in many cases without lifting the earth at all, in a way to bear the roots.

The fork, in fact, may be used wherever the spade can be, and a shovel is not more desirable—we do not claim for it superiority in shoveling sand or gravel—and it may be used in many places where a spade cannot be used. About trees, in raspberry, currant or vine borders, especially will the fork be found of incalculable service, and the spade should be banished forthwith.—*Homestead.*

OUR HOMES.

How to Keep Vermin Out of the Poultry House.

The first thing poultry require is a good warm and comfortable house to lodge in, as the chilly winds of winter are fatal to them; one cold, rainy night, if they are exposed, will give them a cold and from cold that terrible disease, the roup, is contracted, so fatal to poultry. Whitewash your house in and out this month. Put sassafras poles for the fowls to roost upon: I find that the insects leave the fowls if they roost upon the poles of sassafras.—Make the nest boxes out of cedar wood. For the nests mix second crop hay with tobacco leaves; this is a preventive of vermin on the laying and setting hens. Put a small lump of lime in each corner of the house, so that it will be slaked by the air. I imported a pair of Gold Crested Fowls from London four years ago. When they came to Baltimore the hen caught cold, which turned to the roup. For two years she never layed, owing to this dreadful disease. I tried plan after plan to save my fowls. I kept the house warm and put a little sulphur in the water, and the arrangements I had already made in the house had a wonderful effect on the roup; in a few days she looked more lively, in less than a month commenced to lay, and continued nearly the whole year and raised a hatch of chickens. The crested fowls are more liable to the roup than any other breed of poultry. Several experienced breeders of the golden crested fowls, in England, consider them extremely tender, and so difficult to rear that eggs should not be set before the middle or latter end of April, as dampness is fatal to all kinds of poultry. The gold crested fowls are unrivalled, and, if their plumage is examined, exhibits much beauty. If they live to be adults, no fowls are more hardy or profitable as layers, or more delicious for the table; their flesh is excellent, being white, tender and juicy.—*American Farmer.*

House Plants.

Many of our readers, especially among the ladies, are engaged in the cultivation of plants within-doors, and have, doubtless, suffered more or less of vexation of spirit from witnessing the depredations of insects, and will, we doubt not, thank us for a remedy. The London *Floricultural Cabinet* has found and promulgated a remedy and preventive for the green-fly, mealy-bug, thrip, and scale, creatures that invest house and green-house plants. The editor has tried it and pronounces it effectual. It is cheap, easily applied, and is as follows:

A wash is made by dissolving half an ounce of bitter aloes in a gallon of water. With this wash syringe your plants so as to wet them under and over the leaves.—If the enemy be there, he will be destroyed; if he be not there, he will not come. Whether it be the bitter on the surface, or the smell, or both, we know not, but, so far as it has been tried, infected plants may be put all round one so treated, and there will be no sign of thrips, bugs, or aphides, even if the others be covered.—It is the only thing that destroyed the thrip for us; and we believe that, while the bitter remains on the surface, nothing living will touch it. We feel great confidence that even snails and slugs will not meddle with it; and all we can say about its effects on caterpillars is, that they have not as yet attacked a plant so prepared, and that they have committed depredations on plants very close. We do hope that a remedy so simple, so easily tried, and so void of all humbug, will be adopted by everybody who has plants to try it on.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Management of Cream in Cold Weather.

For some reason not yet known, cream skimmed from milk in cold weather, does not come to butter when churned so quickly as that from the same cow in warm weather. Perhaps the pellicles which form the little sacs of butter in cream, are thicker and tougher. There are two methods of obviating this trouble in a great degree. One is to set the pan of milk on the stove, or in some warm place, as soon as strained, and let it remain until quite warm—some say until a skim of cream begins to form on the surface. Another mode recommended, is to add a table spoonful of salt to a quart of cream when it is skimmed.—Cream thus prepared will generally come to butter in a few minutes when churned. It is thought the salt acts upon the coating of the butter globules and makes them tender, so that they break readily by churning.—*Maine Farmer.*

Fresh Air.

Horace Mann has well said:—

"People who shudder at a flesh wound, or a tinge of blood, would confine their children like convicts, and compel them, month after month, to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitution of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours a day, the lifeless poisoned air of some of our school-rooms. Let any man who votes for confining children in a small room, and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over; if medical aid be not at hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards."

Violent Exertion.

Dr. Charles Kidd, in a letter, says,—"The melancholy death of Captain Leicester Vernon brings to my recollection a statement made very frequently by our chief London lecturer on medicine, whose practice lies very much amongst the upper classes, and the poorest of the poor at one of the hospitals, to which he is chief physician. The statement is this, 'That almost all aristocratic young men who have been to Oxford or Cambridge, and especially those who have meddled much in pulling at boat races, have returned from their University affected with diseased or dilated heart, brought on by the undue excitement of the circulation, induced by pulling at these boating matches."

Reason for Bald Heads.

The gentlemen actually steam off their hair with close hats and caps, and leave only a little border around the base of the scalp which the hat does not cover. The ladies wear light, airy hats, the savages wear none at all, and they never lose their hair in this way.

The preventive is the case of our male friends is to wear the lightest possible hats, and to wash their heads daily in cold water.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S.....J. P. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-1y

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 105-tf

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

LEVI M. SCOTT.....WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan 21-1y

SEVEN YEARS!—The seven years of unrivalled success attending the "COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION," have made it a household word throughout every quarter of the country.

Under the auspices of this popular Institution, over three hundred thousand homes have learned to appreciate—by beautiful works of art on their walls, and choice literature on their tables, the great benefits derived from becoming a subscriber.

Subscriptions are now being received in a ratio unparalleled with that of any previous year.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any person can become a member by subscribing three dollars, for which they will receive—

1st. The large and superb steel engraving, 30x38 inches entitled, "*Falstaff Mustering his Recruits.*"

2nd. One copy, one year, of that elegantly illustrated magazine, "*The Cosmopolitan Art Journal.*"

3rd. Four admissions, during the season, to "*The Gallery of Paintings*, 548 Broadway, N. Y."

In addition to the above benefits, there will be given to subscribers, as gratuitous premiums, over *Five hundred beautiful Works of Art!* comprising valuable paintings, marbles, parians, outlines, &c., forming a truly national benefit.

The superb Engraving, which every subscriber will receive, entitled "Falstaff Mustering his Recruits," is one of the most beautiful and popular engravings ever issued in this country. It is done on steel, in fine line and stipple, and is printed on heavy plate paper, 30 by 35 inches, making a most choice ornament, suitable for the walls of either the library, parlor or office. Its subject is the celebrated scene of Sir John Falstaff receiving, in Justice Shallow's office, the recruits which have been gathered for his "ragged regiment." It could not be furnished by the trade for less than five dollars.

The Art Journal is too well known to the whole country to need commendation. It is a magnificently illustrated magazine of Art, containing Essays, Stories, Poems, Gossip, &c., by the very best writers in America

The Engraving is sent to any part of the country by mail, with safety, being packed in a cylinder, postage prepaid.

Subscriptions will be received until the evening of the the 31st of January, 1861, at which time the books will be closed and the premiums be given to subscribers.

No person is restricted to a single subscription. Those remitting $15 are entitled to five memberships and to one extra Engraving for their trouble.

Subscriptions from California, the Canadas, and all Foreign Countries, must be $3.50 instead of $3, in order to defray extra postage, &c.

For further particulars send for a copy of the elegantly illustrated *Art Journal*, pronounced the handsomest magazine in America. It contains Catalogue of Premiums, and, numerous superb engravings. Regular price, 50 cts. per number. Specimen copies, however, will be sent to those wishing to subscribe, on receipt of 18 cents, in stamps or coin. Address, C. L. DERBY, Actuary C. A. A.
548 Broadway, New York.

N. B.—Subscriptions received and forwarded by COLE & ALBRIGHT, Agents for Greensboro and vicinity, where specimen Engravings and Art Journal can be seen.

Every description of legal BLANKS for sale at this Office.

Richmond.

CHAS. H. ANDERSON.....ALFXIUS GREEN.....JNO. A. HAWES.

ANDERSON, GREEN & HAWES, (Successors to Aug. Anderson & Co.) Wholesale dealers in Ribbons, Bonnets and Millinery Goods, 101 Main Street, *RICHMOND, VA.* aug. 25—6mp.

CARLTON, CHAMBERLAIN, & CO., No. 111 Main Street, *RICHMOND*, Virginia, Wholesale Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Hats, Sole Leather, French and American Calf Skins, Shoe Thread, writing and wrapping Paper, Trunks, Twine, &c. Also of their own manufacture heavy sewed Brogans, suitable for Plantation and Railroad hands. They keep always on hand the largest and best selected stock of goods in their line, to be found in this market—all of which will be sold on the most accommodating terms. aug. 25—6m.

1860...FALL TRADE....DIRECT IMPORTATION...1860.

CLARKSON, ANDERSON & CO., No. 106 Main street, *RICHMOND, VA.*, IMPORTERS OF HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, AND "ANCHOR" BOLTING CLOTHS, have received, per ship "Susan Hinks," direct to this port, their Fall importation of fine and heavy Hardware, and from the manufacturers in the Eastern States, their goods of American make, to which they invite the attention of the merchants of Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, guaranteeing to sell as cheap as can be bought in any city, North or East. They are also agents for "Fairbank's" very celebrated Scales, which they sell at manufacturers' prices. Orders shall receive their prompt and careful attention. Sept. 1—1y.

DIME HOTEL, and RESTAURANT, Kept on the *EUROPEAN PLAN*, 84 Main Street, *RICHMOND, VA.* Lodging Rooms by the DAY, WEEK or MONTH. ☞ MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Sept. 1.—6m. W. H. HAYWARD.

GEORGE L. BIDGOOD, Bookseller, STATIONER and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, Agent of the Book and Tract Depository of the Virginia Conference, No. 161 Main street, (one door below Messrs Kent, Paine & Co.) *RICHMOND, VA.*, keeps on hand one of the largest and most complete assortment of Books, in his line, in the South—and at publisher's Rates. Special attention to orders. Sept. 1—6m.

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their Ware-Rooms, No. 95 Main street, *RICHMOND, Va.*, all kinds of *CARPETINGS, MATTINGS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, MATS*, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. We have received our imported Goods for the Fall trade, and are now prepared to offer buyers a splendid Stock to select from, of goods in our line—the assortment, embracing goods from the lowest to the highest prices, that will be sold at moderate profits. In our Curtain department will be found the latest styles of material with all the trimmings, fixtures, &c., of the best kind. Visitors to the City are respectfully invited to examine our stock. Sept. 8—6mp.

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Binford, Dickinson & Weisiger,) manufacturers of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mrh31-1y

THOS. M. SMITH....EDW'D B. RHODES....G. W. WILSON....W. S. HUNT.

SMITH, RHODES & CO., Importers and dealers in Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, Saddlery, Anchor Bolting Cloth, &c., No. 22, Pearl Street, *RICHMOND, VA.* aug. 25—6m.

WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., *RICHMOND, VA.*, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic *DRY GOODS* and sole Agents for Virginia, of the celebrated "Rock Island (N. C.) Woolen Companies," Kerseys, Jeans and Cassimeres. We offer to the Trade, a large stock of the best Foreign Fabrics, selected by our resident Agent in Europe, and Imported direct to this market; and also a complete and full assortment of American Goods, both purchased by, and consigned to us, at such rates, as to offer as great inducements to purchasers, as can possibly be presented in any other market. Sept. 1—4m.

Petersburg.

ENGINES, SAW MILLS, Mill Gearing, Horse Powers and Threshers, Tobacco Screws and Mills, Hydraulic Presses, Cotton Gin Irons, &c., on hand and made to order. Above is a cut of a labor-saving Tobacco Screw which carries its lever back and forward without change. Our Power and Thresher will thresh 250 bushels wheat per day, with four horses.
TAPPEY & LUMSDEN, *Petersburg, Va.*
Sept. 8—1y. Opposite Jarratt's Hotel.

HATS, CAPS, FURS &c.—At No. 17 Sycamore Street, *PETERSBURG, VA.* I wish to make known to COUNTRY MERCHANTS and purchasers generally, that I have received my *Fall Stock of HATS, CAPS, FURS, &c.*, which is very large and varied and embraces all the new and desirable styles and qualities, from the cheapest Negro Hats and Caps, to the finest dress Hats for gentlemen. I have taken great care in the selection of this stock, and from my long experience in the business feel justified in saying, that it cannot be surpassed by any other establishment north or south. *Country Merchants* are particularly invited to call and examine, with the assurance that my prices and terms shall be satisfactory. [mh. 24-1y] JAMES E. WOLFF

STRANGERS Visiting Petersburg always wish to see every thing of interest. An hour can be spent in the large Establishment of J. T. Young, corner of Bank and Sycamore streets, to a better advantage than at any other place in this city. If you do not wish to purchase anything, the proprietor or clerks will take the greatest pleasure in showing all the latest styles of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silver Ware, and Fancy Goods, and explain the difference in quality and prices. If you should find any thing to suit your fancy, you can rest assured it will not be misrepresented as to the quality. An unlimited invitation is extended to all.
J. T. YOUNG.

N. B.—Watches repaired by the best workmen, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Jewelry mended in the best manner and made to look as good as new, at the Marble Front. aug. 25—6m.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY

The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of Confectioneries, Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Pickles, Preserves, Brandy Peaches, Cordials, Syrups, Sardines, Soda, Nutmegs, Scotch Ale, London Porter, Matches, Blacking, Perfumery, Soaps, Playing Cards, Baskets, Musical Instruments, Toys, Matches, Porte Monnaies, &c., &c., &c. Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.
☞ Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed.
A. BUTTS, Jr.
(Successor to S. H. MARKS.)
mrch24-1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!—Having purchased of J. B. F. BOONE his entire stock of Boots and Shoes, the undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that they intend keeping a
GOOD ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES,
and other articles connected with that line of business always on hand—which they are determined to sell very low, and for CASH ONLY.
☞ Opposite Brittain's Hotel.
July 21-tf B. G. GRAHAM & CO.

LITTLE ONES' CORNER.

Fire in the Grass.

A STORY TO TELL THE CHILDREN.

It is a very serious thing, children, to begin to do wrong. Young people do not think much about consequences, because they have not had much experience; but when you grow older you will find that when a boy or girl begins to do something wrong there is no knowing where it will end. When I was a boy I had an adventure which taught me that it was a very serious thing to begin to do even a little wrong. I will tell you about it.

First, let me explain that some stories are imaginary and some stories are true. You must learn to distinguish between true stories and imaginary ones. As you grow older you will hear a great many stories, some of one kind, some of the other. You must learn the difference between them. You may understand when I say, Once I did so and so, or, the other day I saw such a thing, I mean I really did so, and what I say is true. But of course when I say, Once upon a time there were three boys, and so on, it would probably be an imaginary story. But the story of the Fire in the Grass, which I am going to tell you now, is a true story.

The reason why I am going to tell you this story is, that I want you to remember a verse which is written in the epistle of James. It is this:

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

When I was a boy at school in the country, I went one day on an excursion with a school-mate, to visit a cascade in the woods about a mile and a half from where we lived. It was a beautiful day in the spring. The snow was all gone from the open fields, and the sun was shining bright and warm. It seemed like summer, but it was not summer. There were no leaves yet on the trees, and the grass was not green. The grass that grew the year before had died and turned brown, lying under the snow all winter; and the blades of fresh grass were just beginning to peep up through the tufts of brown. The sun had been so warm that the dead grass was very dry, and it occurred to me as we walked up through the pasture towards the woods that it would be good fun to have a little bonfire of the grass. My schoolmate, if I recollect aright, said that it was not our pasture and he thought we had better not burn the grass, but I persuaded him. We sat down on the slope of the hill, gathered several handfuls of the grass and leaves together, and I took out some matches from my pocket and lighted the little heap. There was a fine breeze blowing, and it fanned the little flame into a bright blaze. We heaped on more grass, and it burned higher and broader every moment. Then the fire began to spread in every direction. Of course it did not spread very fast against the wind, but on each side and with the wind, up over the hill and towards the woods, it ran very fast. Whenever the flames came to a very thick tuft they burst up hot and high, and spread thence in every direction. At first we thought it was grand fun, and chased the flames and threw on leaves; but soon we found it was spreading so fast that we were alarmed. I had heard of fires on the prairies and fires in the woods, burning farms and barns and houses, and I began to be afraid the fire would get into the woods and burn over the country. Then we tried to put it out, by stamping on it. But one might as well try to stop the waves on the sea-shore from rolling, by treading on them. The more we stamped the more it flashed and sparkled and spread. We pulled off our coats to whip it, but the smoke choked us and blinded us, and we found we could not stop it. We saw it spreading in every direction like a huge circle in the water. It spread down the hill, creeping slowly against the wind; it spread out each side, and up the hill it ran fast with the wind towards the woods. Then we saw how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

What do you think we did? We called for help. Some men and boys who lived near came out to see what was the matter. The owner of the pasture was at work, it happened, in a meadow away down in the valley. He saw us or heard us and came too. He was a very kind man. I recollect that when he saw what mischief we had been doing he did not say a word. He saw we were sorry for having set the fire on his land, and that we had been trying to put it out. So he ran to the edge of the woods and cut some bushes, both large and small, some for the men and some for the boys. They each took one and commenced beating the fire. We helped as well as we could. They began where it was spreading the fastest, for if it could be stopped there the rest could be easily managed. They worked hard a long time, and finally the fire gave up the contest and went out. It left the whole hill-side black with the ashes and cinders.

When it was all over I told the owner that I was very sorry that I had done such a wrong thing as to set fire on his land, and he cautioned me never to do so again.

When we set that little handful of grass on fire, we did not think it would make such trouble and danger; but you see, children, that when one begins to do wrong you never can tell where it will end. A very little action, if it is wrong, no matter how little it is, is great enough to cause great mischief. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

A. A.

A Child's Appeal.

A mother came to the Rev. Mr. Guinness as an anxious inquirer after the way of life. He asked her what made the first impression upon her mind, when she related the following affecting story:

Her little girl of only five years was dying. The mother was weeping with the little one folded to her heart. She looked upward, and fixing her gaze right on that dear mother's eye, said, with the simplicity of her little heart:

"Mamma, don't cry for me; ise going to heaven."

And then the little darling paused for a moment, and refixing her eye upon her dear face, said:

"Mamma, will you go wis me there?"

O what an appeal! What mother's heart would it *not* touch?

Child's Prayer.

BY WILLIAM HENRY DONOHO.

I.

Heavenly Father, while I sleep,
Let thy angels near me keep!
If I've acted wrong to-day—
Stained against thee any way—
Lord, forgive me: teach me still
How to do thy holy will.

II.

Blessed Saviour, I would be
Fit, when called, to come to thee.
Thou dost little children love:
Such do live with thee above:
Keep me, Lord, from every stain;
Then I may thy kingdom gain.

III.

Holy Saviour, hear me;
Bless my parents day by day;
Let me ever mindful be
That they love me next to thee.
Heavenly Father, when we die,
Take us to thy-self on high.

Medical.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia. A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs. MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in case of extreme poverty, Medicines furnished free of charge. VALUABLE REPORTS on Spermatorrhœa and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptable.

Address Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *President*.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Secretary*. Nov. 3—1y.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, Scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure anyone of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
tf Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS, &c.—PORTER & GORRELL are now receiving the largest stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, &c., ever offered in this market. One of the firm has just returned from the Northern markets, where he has been for several weeks, selecting with extreme care every article pertaining to the business. We specially invite the attention of physicians to our unusually heavy stock and splendid assortment. We feel confidant that we can fill their orders with such an excellent quality of Drugs and on such liberal terms as to give entire satisfaction. ms5

HENRICO PILE LOTION — The only known sure remedy for the piles. For sale at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

LEGISLATIVE DIRECTORY.—Interesting Work—Just published a Correct Directory of the Legislature of North Carolina, giving the name, birth-place, age, residence, occupation, politics, and boarding house of each member of the present Legislature. It has also an interior view of the Senate Chamber and House of Commons, designating the seat occupied by each member. It is also accompanied with two large tables; one showing the popular vote for President, of all the States from 1824 up to 1860, and the other showing the vote of North Carolina, by counties, from 1840 to 1860. It also contains the names, ages, birth-places, &c., of the Clerks and Door-keepers; and a list of all the State officers, public works, &c. The whole is published in a volume of fifty pages, and will be sent to any portion of the State, postpaid on receipt of fifty cents. Address

JOHN NICHOLS, Publisher, Raleigh, N. C.

ROCK ISLAND JEANS, A LARGE Assortment for SALE, at
Sept. 8. DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO'S.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY.

BEULAH MALE INSTITUTE, MADISON, Rockingham county, N. C.—A First Class School for Boys, Rev. L. H. SHUCK, A. M., Principal. Students thoroughly prepared for College or for the practical duties of life. Scholarship thorough and rigid. Idleness and dissipation positively forbidden. Tuition $10 to $20. Board $8 per month. Next Session opens on Wednesday, January 30th, 1861.

REFERENCES—Hon. Thomas Settle, Hon. W. A. Graham, J. J. Martin, Esq., Gen. Peter Hairston, J. H. Dillard, Esq., Col. J. Masten, Wm. Martin, Esq., Hon. David S. Reid. nov 24tf

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE. THE SPRING SESSION of 1861 will begin on the first Tuesday in January, and close on the third Thursday in May. There will be no Winter vacation. The regular exercises of the College will be suspended only a few days at Christmas.

There will be vacancies next Session for other pupils. Those wishing to send their daughters will please inform the subscriber at an early day.

Terms as heretofore. For full particulars apply to
Nov. 8, 1860. T. M. JONES.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance county, N. C., Mrs. NANNIE M. MORTON, Principal, with competent Assistants. This Institution is located in a healthy and intelligent region of country, seven miles north of Gibsonville Station, on the North Carolina Railroad.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Lower English Branches	$7 00
Higher English Branches	10 00
Music on Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	1 00
French	5 00
Oil Painting	10 00
Wax, Leather Work, and Embroidery, each	5 00
Board, per session	30 00

The fall session of this Institution will commence on the 15th of July, 1860. Letters should be addressed to
JACOB MORTON,
may5-tf Morton's Store, Alamance co., N. C.

HIGH POINT FEMALE SCHOOL, High Point, North Carolina.
S. LANDER, A. M., *Principal*
Miss J. C. LINDSAY, } *Assistants.*
Miss M. J. TUCKER, }
Mrs. L. A. LANDER, }

The Spring session, 1861, will begin Feb. 4th. Pupils admitted any time, and charged for the time they remain.

RATES—Board $8 per month; Tuition including Latin, French, and Singing, $10.00, $12.50, 15.00; Piano or Guitar, $25.00.

TERMS—Twenty-five dollars per session required *in advance*, the balance at the close of the session. Pupils furnish their own towels and candles. They buy *nothing* on credit. A liberal share of patronage is desired and expected. june 20-tf.

J. R. & E. M. McAULAY'S SELECT SCHOOL.—*Morganton, N. C.* The course of instruction will embrace the Latin and Greek languages, Mathematics and the usual English branches. It will be our earnest endeavor to render our School thoroughly preparatory to the University of N. C., or any College.

Morganton is beautifully situated among the mountains of N. C., and will soon be accessible by rail road. There is, at present, a daily coach from the head of the road, 12 miles from Morganton. ☞ For *terms*, address the Principals Sept. 1—3m.

KERNERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOLS—MALE AND FEMALE—*Forsyth County, N. C.*
REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A. M., Principal.
Miss D. M. WHITTINGTON, Prin. Female Dep.

The next session will open the 11th of January, 1861.—Expenses, per term of twenty-one weeks, from $15 to $35.

The young ladies board in the Seminary with the Principals. Half of the tuition in the Male, and half the expenses in the Female Department, in advance. The remainder at the close of the Session. High Point is the nearest depot. For full particulars write for a catalogue. dec 15-6

METHODIST PROTESTANT FEMALE COLLEGE, JAMESTOWN, *Guilford Co., N. C.* The 4th Session will commence January 2nd, 1861, with the same faculty as the past session. The College is in a very flourishing condition, located in one of the healthiest sections of the State, and is a desirable school for those who wish to give their daughters or wards a thorough and accomplished education. Tuition $15, per Session; Music on Piano or Guitar $20; Gratuitous Painting $7.50; Embroidery $7.50; Latin, French, Oriental Painting, Drawing, Hair-flowers, Wax-flowers, Feather flowers, Wax-fruit, each, $5; Vocal Music $1; Contingent expenses $1; Board $7.50 per month, including washing and fires. Lights extra. No deduction except in cases of protracted sickness. One-half payable in advance. For further information dec 15-6m. Address J. S RAY, *Sec.*

OXFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.
LITERARY SCHOOL.

This school comprises eight permanently organized classes, whose studies commence with the alphabet and are continued in the Elementary Branches, Mathematics, Languages, English Literature, Natural Sciences, and Moral Philosophy, until the minds of the students are properly trained for the duties of life. The investigations are thorough and comprehensive. Necessary apparatus is freely supplied. The Libraries and Cabinets embrace rare and extensive collections.

FINE ARTS SCHOOL.

Special attention is devoted to Drawing, Oil Painting, and Embroidery. The various styles of "fancy painting" and "ornamental work" are also taught.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

Music is taught as a science and as an art. Instruction is given on the Piano, Guitar and Harmonium. Unusual attention is devoted to Vocal and Sacred Music.

EXPENSES.

Tuition in Elementary Branches	$15 00
" " College Classes	20 00
" " Drawing, (materials included)	12 00
" " Painting in Water Colors	15 00
" " Oil Painting (materials included)	20 00
" " Wax Work, (materials included)	10 00
" " Embroidery, (materials included)	10 00
" " Music, (instrument furnished)	20 00
" " Board, (washing included)	50 00

REMARKS.

Experienced and thoroughly qualified teachers give their entire time to their respective departments.

Extra charges and needless expenses are strictly prohibited—necessary purchases are made by the teachers. Picayune pedlars are not allowed to enter the premises, and no pocket money is required.

Oxford is situated on the healthy hills of Granville, 12 miles from the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, and is connected with Henderson Station by a line of daily stages.

The scholastic year is divided into two sessions. The first opens on the first Monday in July and closes on the last Thursday in November. The second opens on the first Monday in January and closes with the annual commencement on the last Thursday in May.

Students are received for one or more sessions. Correspondents will direct their favors to MILLS & CO.,
Jan. 5, 1861—3y. *Oxford, N. C.*

PATRICK SPRINGS FEMALE COLLEGE, PATRICK COUNTY, VA.—The first five months' session of this Institution will close Thursday 20th December, 1860, and the next Session will commence Wednesday 2nd January, 1861. A great portion of the buildings has been remodeled and newly plastered since the opening of the present session. We are enlarging the Campus and making important changes on the grounds, which will greatly add to the comfort, convenience, and beauty of the place. Our object being to render this Institution as justly celebrated for developing and strengthening the mind, as the healing waters of the "Springs" are for imparting health and vigor to the body; so that, at no distant day, it may stand as the first Female College of the South. Here young ladies, freed from the influence of the fashions and follies of town and city, may quietly pursue their studies, and secure those attainments which will fit them to adorn the highest circles of society. It is very desirable that young ladies be in attendance at the beginning of the Session; for they are charged from date of entrance only. We have no extra charges, and deductions are made in cases of protracted sickness. Bills payable half at entrance, the remainder at close of session.

Expenses per Session of Five months—Elementary English, $12.50; Higher English, $15.00; Modern Languages, each, $7.50; Ancient Languages, each, $7.50; Music, $22.50; Painting in Oil, $20.00; Painting in water colors, $10.00; Crayon and Antique, each, $12.00; Drawing and Embroidery, each, $5.00; Board, including room rent, fuel, lights, and washing, $50.00. For particulars refer to pamphlet, or address, REV. W. E. McILHANY, A. M., Pres.
aug 4-1y Patrick Springs, Va.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—The next term will commence August 15th. We have good boarding accommodations for about two hundred students.

EXPENSES:

Tuition,	$50 00 per annum.
Tuition in Prep.,	$20 00 to $30 00 per annum.
Board, including rooms, fuel, washing, &c.,	$8 00 to $10 00 per month.

july7-4w B. CRAVEN.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The Spring session of this school will commence on the First Monday in February 1861, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.
dec 24-tf E. F. WATSON.

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.—This enterprising Institution, located at Mount Pleasant, Cabarrus County, N. C., will begin its next session September 26, 1860. It enjoys a beautiful and healthful situation, and is of easy access to all parts of the State. Its literary and moral advantages are unsurpassed by institutions of a similar character throughout the country. Entire expenses for session of 10 months, including board, washing, fuel, tuition, and all incidentals, from $107 to $137. For further particulars address

Rev. D. D. BITTLE, *President*, or
aug. 25-tf Col. JOHN SHIMPOCH, *Sec'y of Board*.

THOUSANDS resort to the seaboard from all portions of the South. The Winters are mild and health-inspiring—none of the rigors of Northern and Mountainous climates. The Spring and Summer are proverbially delightful. The

ATLANTIC FEMALE SCHOOL

Opens the Spring Session on the 16th of January, 1861.—Ample, pleasant accommodation, and *substantial* instruction are given to young ladies. Send your girls and spend your old times by the Seaboard with them.

aug4-1y L. BRANSON,
Morehead City, N. C.

Periodicals.

A PAPER FOR THE CRISIS!
THE TIMES,
THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR N. CAROLINA
A Large Eight-Page Weekly, Published in
Greensboro, N. C.
$2.00 A YEAR.....$1 FOR SIX MONTHS.

THE TIMES enters upon its sixth volume the first week in January 1861, in a new dress of large and readable type. It shall be the untiring efforts of the publishers to make THE TIMES a Family Newspaper equal to the demands of the present crisis. THE TIMES is neither sectarian nor political; but by its freedom of thought and independence of character, its columns shall be filled with *News and gossip*, and will present and defend whatever policy will, in the opinion of its editors, best promote the interest of the people and develope and enrich the State. The editors of THE TIMES will pay special attention to the news department of the paper, and will report the proceedings of Congress, of the Legislature, of the various State Conventions, and whatever will be interesting to its readers in every section of the country. No labor will be spared to have the latest, the fullest and the most reliable news.

To commence with the first number for January, the publishers have secured a new and beautiful story, entitled,

MAUD,

of such finished character and thrilling interest, that the reader may expect to find himself often laughing in tears.

The Domestic and Agricultural departments of THE TIMES will receive during the coming year more attention than heretofore. The Domestic economy, comfort and happiness, and the independent and honorable pursuit of Agriculture, form the great wealth and peculiar characteristic of our free country, and specially so in North Carolina. THE TIMES will, therefore, be a welcome visitor to every country home, and to every industrious farmer.—THE TIMES is presented to the people of North Carolina as a home paper, devoted to the development of home industry, in the confident hope that our people will be disposed in this national crisis to patronize home papers; to build up home interests instead of scattering their substance and their energies among strangers. Give THE TIMES a trial, and then let it stand on its own merits.

Address COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Specimen numbers sent, on application.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The 4th volume of this journal commenced with the year 1861. It will be published monthly, at

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

THE JOURNAL is neatly printed on good book paper, with some improvements, and efforts will be made to improve it in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance: any one sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra.

THE JOURNAL and THE TIMES, one year, for $2 50.

As a medium for ADVERTISING, the *Journal* is not surpassed by any publication in the State. In about one fourth of the counties it is sent to not less than three persons in each school district, not exceeding 3 miles square, which gives it a circulation equivalent to 3000, or more, with a constant increase. For terms, &c., address,

J. D. CAMPBELL,
tf Greensborough, N. C.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE AND THE BRITISH REVIEWS.—L. SCOTT & CO., N. Y. continue to publish the following leading British Periodicals, viz:

1. THE LONDON QUARTERLY—Conservative.
2. THE EDINBURGH REVIEW—Whig.
3. THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW—Free Church.
4. THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW—Liberal.
5. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE—Tory.

The present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting during the forthcoming year. They will occupy a middle ground between the hastily written news items, crude speculations and flying rumors of the daily Journal, and the ponderous Tome of the future historian, written after the living interest and excitement of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that readers must look for the only really intelligible and reliable history of current events, and as such, in addition to their well-established literary, scientific, and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public.

EARLY COPIES.—The receipt of advance sheets from the British publisher gives additional value to these Reprints, inasmuch as they can now be placed in the hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions.

TERMS.

For any one of the four Reviews	$3 per an.
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For any three of the four Reviews	7
For all four of the Reviews	8
For Blackwood's Magazine	3
For Blackwood and one Review	5
For Blackwood and two Reviews	7
For Blackwood and three Reviews	9
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	10

Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

CLUBBING.—A discount of twenty five per cent. from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: Four copies of Blackwood, or of one Review, will be sent to one address for $9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $20; and so on.

POSTAGE.—In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered *free of postage*. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the United States will be but 24 cents a year for Blackwood, and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

N. B.—The price in Great Britain of the five Periodicals above named is $31 per annum. dec. 1

☞ The Publishers of the TIMES will send any one of the above periodicals and the TIMES for $4.00; or all of them and the TIMES for $10.00.

GREAT Premium ATTRACTIONS. IRVING'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON and the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for 1861*. GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq., the Publisher of *Irving's Life of Washington*, in five large vols., the price of which is from $7 to 10 per set, according to the binding, has prepared a new and beautiful edition of this great National Work, in one Splendid Volume of 821 pages, in double columns, in clear and readable type, with a full Appendix and copious Index, superbly illustrated with twenty rich and costly Engravings on steel.

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WILLIAM C. DONNEL, PHOTOGRAPHIST, Garrett's new building, is taking pictures at fifty cents and upwards. Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please, he makes no charge. 38-1y

Norfolk and Portsmouth.

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3000 PACKAGES BOOTS, SHOES, &c., just received from the hands of manufacturers and for SALE at 5 per cent. less than Northern prices.—Nos. 38 & 40 Iron Front, Market Square, *NORFOLK, VA.*
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Sept. 1.—1y.

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KING & TOY, *Wholesale Druggists*, *NORFOLK, VA.*, offer to Druggists and General Dealers, the largest stock and best assortment in the South, of *Drugs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Perfumery, Dyestuffs*, patent medicines, &c., at New York wholesale prices, for cash. Sept. 1—1y.

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(*Continued from 1st page.*)

"Had you answered my letter, Horace, I should have done so—but as you did not, why, my only chance was to meet you."

"Well," said I, "Maud, this is no place for me to explain why I have not kept my promise, I feel certain when you know how I have been situated, you will at least forgive my conduct—may I hope?"

"You may, Horace."

"Ladies, are you going to be at home to-night?"

"We may," said Maud.

"If agreeable, it would give me pleasure to have your company to the opera."

"Oh, we should be delighted to go!" said Maud.

"No more so than I shall be to take you."

"What time may we expect you. Horace, why not come and dine with us—we live at 6 P. M."

"It will give me pleasure."

"Very well, it is agreed on—we shall expect you," said Maud.

I walked with them a block or two, and after giving me their number and street, I separated. I immediately went to the office, I found several of my friends had called in while I was out to congratulate me on my new life. It was interesting to read their short notes as I perused them. I said in my heart, "it is strange what a few hours will do, yesterday I was not much, to-day they seem to deem me a great deal." O strange humanity! you are alive to praise when fortune is fair but let there come a cloud and you are as dumb as the silent night! But I thank you for your kind wishes, I am too happy to cry out at the faults of my race. At last the late hours of afternoon came, and the great sea of business life which surged through Wall street and Broadway—this living freight poured on, on, up! up! the great thoroughfare eager to indulge their craving appetites, and for a brief spell to shut themselves out from the hum of the business world. None rushed along the street more harriedly than myself, the cool fresh air of October makes me feel young, and the Future now so bright gleams all over my happy heart like sunbeams coursing over the blue of heaven near the close of day. I went to my new boarding place; ah! how refreshing the change—no more do I have to stoop within the attic room, hardly kept clean by the ill-paid servant. My new apartments are ample and comfortable—all that a single man can wish for. Rapidly I arranged my toilet—leaving a note for Mr. Morgan—I board with him now. Again, I start for Maud's with a heart as free from care as that of the lark which soars heavenward at early dawn. The residence of Mr. Faircl, just out of Broadway, a few streets above Bleecker, was one of those substantial dwellings, having the appearance of comfort and refinement. I ascended the granite steps and rang the bell which was answered by a servant, who showed me into an elegantly furnished parlor. Many of the ornaments which had adorned the little parlor of the homestead at Willow Valley were here—the high back chairs made of solid oak, the sofa large and heavy with carved work, looked especially inviting to my eye: the old family portraits hung in their order, on the high wall, brilliant specimens of art, of an age that was—others of a more modern style mingled with them, equally tasty, blending the modern with the ancient character of furniture. I had little time for examination, soon Maud in all her rich beauty came to greet me, with that same familiarity—as if it were only yesterday since we met at Willow Valley.

To be continued.

Western Virginia.

Hon. Waitman T. Willey, of Monongalia county, candidate of the Opposition party in Virginia for Lieutenant Governor in 1859, has written a letter opposing disunion. He alludes to the position of Western Virginia in that event, and adds:

"I am for Virginia as she is and was, as our fathers created her—one and indivisible. I have deprecated recent manifestations of a desire for her dismemberment. Let her be integral forever. But if we are to be dragged into secession or disunion, because a mere outside appendage of a Southern Confederacy, defenceless and exposed as we must be by our geographical position, to all the wrong and contumely that may be heaped upon us, our 'oppression may become intolerable;' and I, for one, will be ready to accept the only alternative."

South Carolina Convention.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 4.—The Convention to-day defined the duties of the Governor and Cabinet, and appointed delegates to a Congress of the seceding States; and to receive the report of the Commissioners to Washington.

The sovereignty of South Carolina is being fully organized, and the Governor is assuming his position as head of one of the independent nations of Christendom.

Governor Pickens has formed his Cabinet by dividing the duties of the Executive administration among the members of his Council who were appointed as his advisers by the Sovereign Constitution a few days since. The following official announcement to this effect was made this morning:

Secretary of State—A. G. Magrath, late Judge of the United States District Court. His duties are to regulate intercourse with other States and Foreign Powers, to make treaties and appoint [illegible].

Secretary of War—D. F. Jamison, President of the Sovereign Convention, to have charge of all the military operations, to protect and defend the State, including the necessary military operations.

Secretary of the Treasury—C. G. Memminger, who was the Commissioner sent by South Carolina, last winter, to urge co-operation on the part of the Legislature of Virginia.

Postmaster General.—W. H. Harlee, at present Lieutenant Governor, has been assigned the duty of regulating postal affairs and superintending lighthouses.

Secretary of the Interior.—A. C. Garlington, a large slaveholder from the upper section of the State. The duties assigned him are a general supervision of local matters, including the militia and coast police, for the defence of Charleston.

The members of the Cabinet have entered on their duties, and are preparing to organize their several departments. It will be observed that no Secretary of the Navy has yet been appointed.

Active movements are in progress for resisting any attempt on the part of the President to exercise Federal powers within the limits of the State. The rumors of vessels of war having started for Charleston harbor, and the appointment of a Collector, created great excitement. The announcement that our Commissioners to Washington are on their way home, has added to the furore, and all ideas of peaceable secession are now abandoned. The failure of the Senate to act on the nomination of a Collector for Charleston, gives some room for speculation as to whether that body will be able to sustain the belligerent attitude that the President has recently assumed.

CHARLESTON Jan. 5.—In Convention today an ordinance was introduced that all the power necessary to make postal arrangements and enact postal laws be vested in the General Assembly; which was passed.

A resolution was introduced permitting the officers of any force, regular or volunteer, raised under order of this Convention, to hold seats in either houses of the General Assembly, or any other offices similarly appointed. Adopted.

Another resolution was adopted, that the late Commissioners to Washington be requested to prepare, at their earliest convenience, a written statement of their oral communication to this body, their recent attempt at negotiations with the President of the United States for the deliverance of the forts and other State property; and that said document be deposited with the President of this body, with the injunction of secresy until otherwise ordered.

Five thousand copies of the correspondence between the Commissioners and the President of the United States were ordered to be printed.

The table, chair, and other appurtenances used on the night of signing the ordinance of secession, were ordered to be placed in the State-House at Columbia.

The adoption of a national ensign is to be left to the Legislature.

The Convention then adjourned until again called together by the President.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Jan. 5.—A large meeting has been called here, to offer a regiment of volunteers to the President for the maintenance of the Constitution and enforcement of the laws.

The Last Day in Richmond

We have never known as universal a suspension of business in our city on any day, other Sunday or week day, as on Friday last. In a walk from one end of the city to the other, we didn't observe a single store open. A general seriousness was visible upon the faces of the whole people. The religious exercises in all the Churches were of an unusually solemn character. Most of the sermons delivered were of extraordinary power. We have already given sketches of these sermons, the tone and character of which may well awaken the attention of those persons in the North who imagine that the South is not in earnest, and that the present is but a passing storm. Those citizens, who speak out thus boldly, and act upon the Gulf of Battle in a style that readers us of what we read of the old Revolutionary Pulpit, are most blest of the Southern clergy, and have been hitherto the strongest advocates of the Union in the Southern States. When we hear such men as these, exclaiming with one of their numbers: "*Horrible as war is, there is one alternative which is worse, a surrender of God-able rights and privileges. All honor to the patriot who goes to the field to defend his fireside, his rights and liberties,*"—with another, "*Should the cold hand of battle be forced upon us, I would glory in lifting my voice at the head of Virginia's columns in a triumphant song of Zion, for the safety of our families and our homes,*" and when we find another, in the very Church where Patrick Henry thundered forth his war cry, "*Give me Liberty, or give me death,*" alluding in a tone that thrilled the nerves of every auditor to that inspiring utterance of a true Virginia Patriot and Freemen, we may well conclude that the enlightened public sentiment of the South is aroused, and that the people are determined, in the language of one of the most eloquent of our clergy, "to do or die." Let the North awake to these manifestations before it is too late, and restore to the South the identical Government, in spirit and in letter, that is guaranteed to them in the Constitutional compact, or the days of the Union are ended. —*Dispatch of Monday.*

Judge Longstreet's Views.

President A. B. Longstreet, of the South Carolina College, issues a four-page pamphlet, entitled "Shall South Carolina begin the War?" He earnestly desires the Collector on board the Harriet Lane to be allowed to land, be treated politely, be introduced to Mr. Colcock, that every means be used so that the Collectors of the two sovereign powers can settle their respective claims in a spirit of courtesy and kindness.

He says if the posts should be reinforced it would be an unfair conflict. Hundreds of our sons would be slain, Fort Moultrie would become deserted, and the wrath of the United States be brought upon our devoted city. He imploringly closes by saying, "Let the first shot come from our enemies."

Alabama Convention.

MONTGOMERY, Jan., 7.—The State Convention convened today. W. M. Brooks permanent President. The following resolutions were passed unanimously:

WHEREAS, the only bond of the Union between the several States is the Constitution of the United States; but that Constitution has been violated by a majority of the Northern States in their separate Legislatures, by their action in denying to the people of the Southern States their constitutional rights; and

WHEREAS, a sectional party, known as the Black Republican party, has in the recent election of Abraham Lincoln to the office of President and Hannibal Hamlin to the office of Vice President of these United States, upon the avowed principle that the Constitution of the United States does not recognize property in slaves; and that the government should prevent its extension into the common Territories of the United States; and that the power of the Government should be so exercised that the institution of Slavery should in time be exterminated; therefore,

Be it Resolved by the people of Alabama, in Convention assembled, That the State of Alabama will not submit to the administration of said Lincoln and Hamlin, President and Vice President of the United States, upon the principles referred to in the foregoing preamble.

RICHMOND, Jan. 7.—Ex Gov. Wise has a letter in the *Enquirer*. Its leading positions are the immediate assembling of a State Convention, but urges that Virginia remain in the Union—the seizure of the forts within the State till the *ultimatum* of the Convention is known.

LOCAL CORNER.

Local.

We have decided, upon the solicitation of numerous friends, to devote a small corner to local items. To make this department interesting to all we shall "fill in" with fun. We will do our best to give everything that may transpire in our midst; but, to make our Corner stand out prominent before the world, we must be called on to see, taste, examine &c., all the numerous *elections* with which our pleasant town is so profusely filled. Therefore, presents, invitations, &c., must be addressed to the *Local Editor*, to insure attention.

[illegible]

Christmas was not a season of merriment, but one of the most pleasant we have ever enjoyed. The par[illegible] up with a [illegible] and the ladies loved their [illegible], and did their [illegible] to the [illegible] of the [illegible] circumstances.

There were no more admired nor more beautiful dresses, than those whose attire, from the growing of the cotton to the making of the dresses, was done at home!

We do not wish to be considered personal nor invidious, but we did not know such charms of loveliness could show forth from a [illegible] dress."

Festival.

The Festival, at the Methodist church, during Christmas week, was well attended by that congregation, and the lady managers deserve much credit for the magnificent supper, and the tasty arrangement of everything. It was a *festival* indeed.

Homicide.

In the county of Rockingham, on the 24th December last, two slaves, one the property of Edward Brannock, Esq., and the other of Dr. Scales, had a difficulty which ended in blows. The slave of Dr. Scales was so injured, from a wound received on the head, that he died in a few days. Mr. Brannock's boy was brought here, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and had a hearing before his Honor, J. M. Dick, and was admitted to bail in the sum of $3,000. Jealousy is said to have been the cause of the difficulty. So it seems negroes can fight for *love* as well as white men.

Flogged.

A boy, the property of Emsley Donnell, deceased, was taken up in our streets last Sunday, and put in the Calaboose, for being drunk. He was rather too impudent and noisy, so he was "strapped" about right, which rather cooled him off. On Monday he was tried and received a "little more" and sent home. The darkies are getting rather impudent of late, and will be all the better for a little watching.

The Guilford House.

We mention with pleasure the opening of this new hotel, directly opposite to our office. In these hard times, it is some satisfaction to know where a man can find good fare and accommodations. Mrs. Jordan and son are eminently qualified for the task assumed, and we are glad to see their efforts are appreciated.

For Sale.

Jas. A. Long, Junior Editor of the *Patriot*, offers his half of that establishment for sale. The *Patriot* is an old paper and well known and this is, no doubt, a good opening for a young man who is well posted in Whiggery. We would part with brother Long, however, with regret, feeling that the press had lost an able man.

The Sikes House.

A card from this house is on our table. We have never dined at this hotel, but from our acquaintance with the gentlemanly proprietor, J. Sikes, we have no doubt that it will be found an agreeable place to appease the appetite, or rest one's weary limbs. It is located near the station, on South Elm street.

Our streets might be benefitted by a little working.

Young Men you are Wanted.

A woman wants you. Don't forget her. Don't wait to be rich. If you do, remember that, ten to one, you are not fit to get married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together.—*Exchange.*

But in these days of compromises, misunderstandings, &c., we must have a "*provided always*," that woman does not want you if she has to divide her affections with a cigar, fancy dog, fast horse or a whiskey jug. Neither does she want you because you are a "nice young man," the definition of which, now-a-days, is to get tight on an animal that sports an immense house appendage, a lot of jewelry, [illegible] fashionable cut coat, a gold headed cane, stove pipe hat (an empty head, dime a dozen, I think. Like a fish, and smells like a fish, and is given to all manner of the other vices. She wants you if you have learned to regulate your appetites and passions; for she wants you if you are made in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action as you aspire for to be, and without which inward and outward purity neither of you are fitted for husband or wife,—if you love virtue and abhor vice—if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind; not loud talking, exacting and brutal—then, young man, that woman wants you: that fair, modest, cheerful, bright looking, frank spoken woman,—we mean who fills your idea of maiden and wife—it is she who wants you!

Jugged.

Col. Whittington was placed in our Jail on Thursday for some misdemeanor on Wednesday night.

THE LAND OF THE BRAVE.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave, and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

"You and I are much alike," said the beggar to the banker. "How so?" "We both contrive to live on the labor of others." "But I carry on a lawful business for a living;" said the banker. "So do I," said the beggar; "but there is this difference: I get the property of others with their consent—you get their property without their consent."

The great cry with everybody is *get on! get on!* just as if the world were travelling past. How astonished people will be, when they arrive in Heaven, to find angels, who are so much wiser, laying no schemes to be made archangels!

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society.

A bachelor being asked why he did not secure some one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied, "I would if I were sure such an ocean would be *Pacific*."

The cup of life is sweetest at the brim; the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper; and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

"You have a very striking countenance," as the donkey said to the elephant when he hit him over the back with his trunk.

To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it. This is the acme of virtue.

Mississippi Convention.

JACKSON, Jan. 7.—The State Convention organized at noon to day, W. S. Barrett President. On taking the chair he spoke in favor of separate secession.—A resolution was adopted by which a committee of fifteen was appointed, with instructions speedily to report an ordinance of secession, providing for the immediate withdrawal of Mississippi from the Union, with a view of establishing a new Confederacy comprised of seceding States.

WASHINGTON, January 8.—Secretary Thompson to-day resigned to President Buchanan his commission as Secretary of the Interior, on the ground of an alleged breach of understanding that no troops should be sent to Anderson without Cabinet determination. He was not informed of the departure of the troops by the Star of the West until published in this morning's papers.